

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3461.—VOL. CXXVII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905

WITH FOUR-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT | SIXPENCE

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



M. Witte.

Baron Rosen.

Mr. Roosevelt.

Baron Komura.

Mr. Takahira.

STRIVERS AFTER PEACE: THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE PLENIPOTENTIARIES
ON BOARD THE "MAYFLOWER."

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1905 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

This unique photograph, taken exclusively for this Journal, records a meeting that may probably affect the world's history even more than any former great Peace Conference.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Who said we could not receive the French with the grace they had shown to us? That malapert must be sitting in sackcloth now with ashes on his head. We know that when we give a mind to this thing, and a great and generous emotion, we can make the foreign guest marvel at his own tradition of our coldness and reserve. Admiral Caillard and his gallant sailors have gone home rejoicing, to tell their countrymen that the hereditary enemy, the ruthless and piratical sea-dog, the grasping shopkeeper, the soulless and perfidious monster of endless romances, is a simple, warm-hearted creature, who cannot restrain his joy at the sight of French sailors; who promptly drags them into a whirl of hospitalities; nay, who has actually borrowed the air of an old French song—that very rude old anti-English French song: “Malbrook s’en va t’en guerre”—to assure the echoes at the top of his voice that every sailorman of the Republic is “a jolly good fellow.” Why, the Prince of Wales led the chorus of the transformed “Malbrook” in honour of Admiral Caillard; and M. Jules Huret, of the *Figaro*, wanted to lay his head in some quiet place and think of this wonder. The Heir to the British Crown singing a popular refrain at an official banquet with the gusto of a good comrade! To the readers of the *Figaro* M. Huret pledged his word that it was true, for he saw and heard it. But, O Court Etiquette! O British Phlegm! where were you?

“For he’s a jolly good fellow,” you may be sure, is now the favourite song of the Northern Squadron. The Admiral hums it on the bridge of the *Masséna*; down on the lower deck it goes with a roar, in English, too, not forgetting “Which nobody can deny.” We have assuredly impressed on that French sailorman that he is a most delightful object to the British eye. We have a native love of seamen; there is something about them that is irresistibly dear to all landlubbers. We never cease to marvel at the cheerful courage with which they encounter the perils of the deep, so much more alarming than anything ashore. That any man should deliberately choose the sea for his career is for the landlubber a subject of constant amazement. A soldier’s life is dangerous enough in war-time; but the naval man is always taking his chance with fate, if not in battle, which may pulverise or drown him, at least in the storm, which may compass much the same pleasing end. So landsmen have a peculiar love and admiration for these warriors of the ocean, all the more because the sea produces a special type of manliness and gentle breeding, to which the hearts of women and children go out instinctively. Then, I think, there is still an idea among landlubbers that Jack ashore is not quite at his ease, as he is on the foaming billow; that it is just as well for babes to take him by the hand and toddle along the street with him; that he will be greatly cheered if women look kindly at him; in brief, that all his perils on the billow aforesaid (let us say rolling this time, and thank heaven we are not on it for a livelihood) entitle him to be petted and protected when he visits dry earth.

These great principles have been applied to the British Navy; and when the Northern Squadron came, and we saw with half an eye that the French sailor was a truly splendid person, then the Portsmouth infant stretched out its arms to the stranger, and the infant’s nurse smiled on him with the benignity of nurses. When Admiral Caillard and his officers made their appearance in London, the throng was won at first sight. That admirable observer, M. Huret, has described the scene in Trafalgar Square. Opposite the bas-relief of the Column representing Nelson’s death, Admiral Caillard gave the military salute. “The noble simplicity of the act,” says M. Huret, “was at once understood by the people, whose frantic acclamations showed how deeply the national heart was touched.” After that, what wonder that the French sailorman became a popular idol? In some old novels there is frequently a designing Frenchman, whose ambition it is to make a conquest of the “so charming English mees.” This was supposed by patriotic writers of that time to be like his impudence. But the landlubber is content to know that the officers of the Northern Squadron were voted “darlings” by his womenkind. On Westminster Bridge there was a lady with some roses in one hand and a packet of tea in the other. An Anglo-Indian officer, who was her escort, thoughtfully remarked: “If you are going to give those flowers to the French, you had better let me hold the tea, or you’ll be giving that by mistake!” Ha! jealousy! The procession came along, and the lady ran beside a carriage, holding out her roses, and crying: “Vive la France!” Her hand was seized, and warmly pressed by an officer, who took the roses, and held them to his lips. “He’s kissed them!” shouted the crowd, enormously pleased. But the British officer dissembled his own appreciation of the

incident, and inquired: “Would you like to carry your tea now?”

Mr. Balfour said at Westminster Hall that the Entente was a bond of peace, which threatened nobody. Such a bond it is; but can two great Powers enter into a friendly but unwritten pact, witnessed by battle-ships, and leave the opinion of Europe exactly as it was before? I trow not. A bond of peace has to be examined by people who may not want peace save on their own conditions. They may wish to set up a bond of their own, which is different from our bond. The idea that because we desire peace, everybody else should desire it in the same way, and for the same reason, is rather chimerical. Mr. Morley said at Westminster Hall that we should strive to be, not good Englishmen or good Frenchmen, but “good Europeans.” That is very nice and pacific; but what on earth does it mean? Does Mr. Morley mean that the “good European” is the man who has at heart all the interests of all Europe? If so, the “good European” is like Mrs. Harris: there never was no such person. To suppose that a statesman can consult the interests of his own country, and those of Europe at the same time, and that all the divergent aims and ambitions can be harmonised by the simple repetition of the word “Peace,” is to indulge in that dream-stuff which is apt to become the substitute for statecraft with politicians who are disinclined by temperament or party tradition to look at the facts.

So let it be clearly understood that our excellent relations with France are not hailed with universal joy. Mr. Balfour made a sly allusion to possible discontent on the platform, in the Press, and “even in the professorial chair.” Not the English platform or Press; that is clear; and certainly not any professorial chair that we know in this country. Plainly it is the German professor Mr. Balfour had in his mind; that savant whose undoubted learning includes a rather slight but vociferous acquaintance with British character and British policy. He, I fear, is not enthusiastic about Brest and Portsmouth. Perhaps he takes a melancholy pleasure in the assurances of some London correspondents of German papers that our French visitors had a most frigid reception; that a thin line of spectators, chiefly school-children, scarcely raised a cheer; that “the crowd laughed and shrugged their shoulders”; a demonstration we reserve for the gentry with an unlimited faculty for saying the thing that is not. I see that the *Cologne Gazette* manfully admits that England and France have a perfect right to adjust their relations as they please. It behoves Germany, says this able journal, to be patient and vigilant. Admirable counsel; but too tame, maybe, for the fiery professors.

Lord Roberts’s policy of compulsory military training is condemned by a Member of Parliament (some queer people are Members of Parliament) as subversive of religion and constitutional liberty. Train every man to handle a rifle, says this M.P., and you will destroy the “sanctity of the home.” The Swiss are all riflemen: are their homes less sanctified than those of M.P.s? Are they trodden under the feet of tyrants? I have always supposed that the liberties of nations have been won by force. “Not at all,” says the M.P. “Armies have almost invariably been the foes of freedom.” Dear me! So we have not fought for freedom in this island: it was not a gentle hint from Dutch William’s troops that sent James II. packing. What happened was that the foes of freedom were drawn up in battle-array, and some M.P. made a speech, which scattered them to the four winds.

Compulsory military education, which is not Conscription, is needed to strengthen the military spirit of the nation, and increase the material available for soldiering in an emergency. “The Christian Churches,” says the M.P., “will not tolerate this militarism. Their duty, and the duty of true patriots, is to build up a prosperous, contented, and strong race, and not pander to the military theories of soldiers who believe that brute force is the only ultimate appeal of nations.” On this reasoning I rather wonder that the M.P. does not denounce the Army and Navy, and call for their abolition. Surely they stand for that very idea of brute force as the ultimate appeal. Perhaps we should do very well without them; and I shall look for the alternative in the M.P.’s election address. “Disband the Army,” he may say; “break up the battle-ships, and save many millions for the national purse. Let there be no more strife. Should a foreign country threaten us, let us reason in a godly manner; let us point out to the misguided foreigner the error of his ways. Send me as Commissioner of Peace to wrestle with him, and I promise you there shall be no more wars.” This would solve many problems. Lord Roberts is troubled about India. Have we a sufficient force for the defence of India against invasion? Apparently we have not, in the merely military sense. But we have the unbounded confidence of the M.P. who says that “the resources of statesmanship will preserve India for ages to come.”

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SHIPWRIGHT.

BY THE LATE SIR W. LAIRD CLOWES.

Does the employment of family influence always involve corruption? Is nepotism invariably synonymous with jobbery? I do not know; nor need I now inquire. The subject, however, is a promising one for the essayist; to whom I make a present of the indisputable fact that whenever the navy of any modern Power has passed through a period of exceptional glory or activity, family influence and nepotism have been very prevalent within it. In our own service the families of Parker, Hood, Cochrane, and Martin, not to mention a dozen more, have been conspicuous benefactors to their kith and kin, as well as to their country, thanks to the way in which they have been able to make their influence felt both at the Admiralty and at sea. The same thing may be said of the Evertsens, the Wassenaers, and the Van Neses in Holland, and of the Bouvets, the Duperrés, and the Chasseloup-Laubats in France.

Yet the triumphs of family influence, great though they have been in the fighting department of the Navy, sink into utter insignificance in comparison with the triumphs which have been gained by it in the civil departments. It is true that during the time of its ascendancy the name of Parker gave forty flag-officers and captains to the Fleet; but the ascendancy was relatively brief, nor were all the lucky Parkers members of a single family. In the royal dockyards, on the other hand, the Petts were powerful for upwards of two centuries, and all of them belonged to the same stock. It is difficult to discover exactly how many of them held appointments under the Navy Board, for when they could not secure big posts they contented themselves with little ones; but the dynasty thrived from the reign of Henry VII. to that of Anne, and it would appear that during that period no Pett who wanted a dockyard berth failed to get one of some sort. Revolutions did not exile the race; misconduct, and even treason, did not banish it permanently from its enviable position. For more than two hundred years it was like a Hindu caste, or like the House of Rothschild.

The beginnings of the Petts are lost in the mists of antiquity. The family came, apparently, from Essex. The first shipbuilding Pett of whom we have record as having been in Government employment was concerned in the repair of Henry the Seventh’s great ship, the *Regent*, in 1499. Four-and-twenty years later another Pett was master shipwright in Portsmouth Dockyard. He and his relatives built many of the most important men-of-war of the Elizabethan age. As the fortunes of the family rose, the sons were given the education of gentlemen; and Phineas, the first of that name, who became one of the three principal constructors, or master shipwrights, in 1600, was a Cambridge man, although he learnt some of the practical part of his business in the humble capacity of carpenter’s mate on board a ship trading to the Levant.

Phineas Pett seems to have been a quarrelsome and not very scrupulous intriguer, if one may judge him by the testimony of his autobiography. Nor does he appear to have been much the better for the theoretical knowledge which doubtless he acquired on the banks of the Cam; for it is recorded that he and a brother naval architect, having set themselves to estimate how much timber would be needed for the building of a certain ship, came to the conclusion that 775 loads would suffice, whereas it was discovered upon the completion of the vessel that no fewer than 1627 loads had been worked into her. But probably he was as good a constructor as his age produced, and beyond all doubt he did very much for the improvement of the *matériel* of the Fleet. The English men-of-war which were in existence when he assumed office in 1600 were practically those which had fought against the Spanish Armada twelve years earlier. The largest was of little, if any, more than 1000 tons burden, and carried guns on two decks only. Ere the close of his career, he had built a ship more than half as large again, with guns on four decks. It is true that his vessels were not all good sailers; that some of them resembled rather floating palaces of gilt gingerbread than fighting-ships; that ultimately even the best of them had to be altered, cut down, or wholly reconstructed ere they could be made thoroughly useful; and that they were unduly expensive, the cost always largely exceeding the estimate. Yet in the *Prince Royal*, built in 1610, and in the *Sovereign*, built in 1637, he departed from the old models; and the *Sovereign*, when, after much experimenting with her, she was at length reduced by a deck, became one of the most useful and formidable fighting craft of the seventeenth century. Known also as the *Sovereign of the Seas* and the *Royal Sovereign*, she served with distinction through all three of the Dutch wars, at Beachy Head in 1690, and at Barfleure in 1692; and she might have lasted many years longer had she not been burnt accidentally at Chatham in 1695. Another three-decker, the *Royal William*, built almost exactly on her lines by another Phineas of the fertile Pett family, was an equal success, and though launched in 1670, while the original *Royal Sovereign* was still in her heyday, survived, with various alterations and partial rebuildings, until 1813, when, though sound, she was taken to pieces. Thus, the constructive genius of Phineas the Great may be said to have influenced naval architecture during the whole period from the day of the Spanish Armada down to that of Trafalgar.

Phineas the Great was the pride of the race of Petts; but after him came other Phineases, and Peters, and Josephs, and Christophers; and all through the seventeenth century the family was so firmly established in the dockyards and at the Navy Office that its total disappearance from the scenes of its triumphs, its intrigues, and its speculations must have seemed impossible. Yet now for many generations it has vanished from Whitehall, Chatham, and Portsmouth, where the name itself is forgotten.

THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

(See Supplement.)

Last week we recorded the arrival of the French Northern Squadron in English waters, and this week we continue the illustration of the subject, taking the events in order from the review by the King on Aug. 9. Shortly after ten on the morning of that day the royal yacht left her moorings in Cowes Roads, and, followed by a procession of six other yachts carrying the royal guests, the Board of Admiralty, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, the Corporation of Portsmouth, and the Press, steamed through the lines of the French and British Fleets. All the vessels were manned and dressed, and his Majesty stood in the forebridge of his yacht taking the salute which the crews of each vessel gave him with presented arms. A royal salute was fired by the combined squadrons. The same day his Majesty lunched on board the *Masséna* with Admiral Caillaud, and in the evening the Admiralty gave a great ball at the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth. The following day was devoted to the visit to London of the French officers, who drove in procession to the Guildhall, where they were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor. In the evening, Lord Lansdowne entertained the Admiral and his principal officers at dinner at Lansdowne House. The guests sat down in the Sculpture Gallery, the Foreign Minister having on his right M. Cambon and on his left Admiral Caillaud. There were no speeches, but the toasts of "The King" and "President Loubet" were honoured with enthusiasm. Among the distinguished British guests was Earl Roberts.

Londoners gave the officers an ovation, and they repeated the welcome next day, when a party of petty officers and seamen were also entertained at the Guildhall. The evening papers permitted themselves to print their bills-in French, varying their greeting to Mathurin according to the time of day. About noon it was "Bon jour, Jean Marin"; later, it was "Bon soir"; and our visitors were, no doubt, convinced of our cordiality, although it is not quite certain that in every case the exact drift of the greetings was intelligible. One of the most amusing moments of the sailors' visit to the Guildhall was when the Lord Mayor had himself photographed with a French sailor on either hand. On the same day, the 11th, the French officers were entertained at Windsor, where they were shown over the Castle by Lord Esher. The party also went to the Mausoleum at Frogmore, where Admiral Caillaud laid a wreath on Queen Victoria's grave. The ceremonies of Saturday were, however, the most significant of the whole series, when the naval power of the Republic was welcomed by the Mother of Parliaments in Westminster Hall. The happy inspiration of Major Evans Gordon, M.P., to hold such a reception was eagerly taken up by Members of both Houses, and the result was adequate to the occasion. The Hall of Rufus has witnessed many extraordinary scenes, not all of festivity, and, indeed, its use as a place of feasts had until last Saturday been in abeyance since the crowning of George IV., when the last Coronation Banquet was held there. The entertainment of the French officers may not have been so gorgeous as the ancient festivals, but whereas these were more or less repetitions of a stereotyped ceremonial that had become exalted into a ritual of regal state, the recent banquet was symbolical of the greatest of Constitutional Legislatures. On one side of the Hall sat the Lord Chancellor in his robes; on the other side the Speaker, also in his official dress; the two figuring as joint entertainers on behalf of the Lords and Commons. On the right of the Lord Chancellor sat M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, and on his left the Archbishop of Canterbury; on Mr. Lowther's right was Admiral Caillaud, who had as his next-door neighbour the Prime Minister, and on the Speaker's left was the Duke of Norfolk. No building in London excels Westminster Hall in the mystery of its distances, and the spectacle under the subdued sunlight that poured through the windows upon uniforms, official dresses, and superb table-decorations was worthy of the traditions of the place.

The Lord Chancellor, speaking in French, proposed the first toast—that of the King. Whereupon the Speaker gave the health of President Loubet; and then the Prime Minister gave the toast of the French Navy. The place where they were gathered, Mr. Balfour said, took them back to the Norman Conquest, and a great part of the eight hundred years that separated us from that time had seen England and France at war; but in the gathering of that day he saw the surest harbinger of peace—Peace in the East, Peace in the West, Peace the World over. For this no greater security could be found than in the warm and perpetual friendship of two great nations who feel that their interests are identical. Admiral Caillaud replied in French, and he declared that the memories of the last days would be ineffaceable. The signal honour paid by the British Parliament was beyond all price, a testimony of friendship without precedent, which would leave profound traces in the hearts of the French Navy. The last toast was "The Houses of Parliament," proposed by Admiral Leygue and responded to by Mr. John Morley. This was the end of the great official receptions. On Sunday some of the officers had a motor and a launch trip up the Thames, and on Monday morning, amid the thunder of farewell salutes, the visiting squadron weighed anchor and steamed out of the Solent. The leave-taking was one of the most picturesque ceremonies of a memorable week. The visiting squadron, on weighing anchor, steamed through the British Fleet, which was drawn up in four lines. Cheers, and the playing of the National Anthem and the "Marseillaise" by the ships' bands mingled with the roar of salutes, and the receding vessels were gradually lost in a thin film of smoke drifting from the muzzles of guns that, we trust, will never speak to each other except in friendship. During the last days of the visit great numbers of the seamen had shore-leave, and Portsmouth returned the courtesies of Brest.

HARROGATE.—DELIGHTFUL HEALTH RESORT.

WORLD-RENOWNED MINERAL SPRINGS (upwards of 80).
FINEST BATHS IN EUROPE. Hydrotherapy of every description.
Bracing Moorland Air. Splendid Scenery. Walks and Drives.
Good and Varied Entertainments daily in new Kursaal.
Illustrated Pamphlet and all details from Town Clerk, HARROGATE.

WEYMOUTH. The charmingly situated Seaside
Resort on the Dorsetshire Coast.
Unequalled for its Marine and Land Excursions; Fishing and Golfing.
Temperature Higher than that of any other Seaside Resort.
See Daily Reports.

GROMER AND DISTRICT.—THE ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE will be forwarded Post Free on receipt of Two Penny Stamps by THE CLERK, CROMER.

BASSANO, LIMITED,
ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHERS,
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Messrs. Bassano beg to inform their many patrons that they are now making a speciality of miniatures on ivory, executed by first-class artists.
Prices from Three Guineas and upwards.

ART PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE ROMNEY, COSWAY, AND REMBRANDT TYPES.

Terms sent Free on Application.

Telephone: 1552 Gerrard.

Telegrams: "Portraiture," London.

"THE SKETCH."

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

EVERY MATTER OF INTEREST TREATED IN
THE BRIGHTEST WAY.

THE BEST PAPER FOR THEATRICAL AND SOCIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PLENTY TO LOOK AT; PLENTY TO READ.

'THE SKETCH.'

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



"NO GAME LAWS FOR ME!"

After G. E. Lodge.

A Photogravure, 13 in. by 10 in., upon Mount 24 in. by 32 in.
Artist's Proofs, £1 11s. 6d.; Proofs before Letters, £1 1s.; Prints, 10s. 6d.
Beautifully done by Hand, in Water Colours, 10s. 6d. extra.

ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE. INSPECTION INVITED.

PHOTOGRAPHY DEPT., THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
172, STRAND, W.C.

West-End Agents: Messrs. BASSANO, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

Publishers for India: Messrs. CAMPBELL AND MEDLAND, LTD., Hare Street, Calcutta.

Publishers for the Continent: Messrs. SAARBACH, Mayence.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. (Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £3 9s. 3d.
(Six Months, 14s.; or including Christmas Number, 12s. 3d.
Three Months, 7s.; or including Christmas Number, 8s. 3d.)

ABROAD. (Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £4.
(Six Months, 19s. 6d.; or including Christmas Number, £1 1s.
Three Months, 9s. 6d.; or including Christmas Number, 11s. 3d.)

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, London, W.C.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

CORRIDOR
TRAIN.
DINING
and
BREAKFAST
CARS.

TABLE D'HÔTE
DINNER and BREAKFAST.

Through Carriages and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle.

ANTWERP, for BRUSSELS, THE ARDENNES, and
LIÈGE EXHIBITION, via HARWICH.

Dep. from Liverpool Street Station at 8.40 p.m. every Week-day.
Dining and Breakfast Cars.

DIRECT SERVICE to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Company's Steamers are Twin-Screw Vessels, and sail under the British Flag.

ESBJERG, for Denmark and Scandinavia, by the Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen. Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL, one of the finest in London, adjoins
Terminus. H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RY.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SUNNY SOUTH.

BRIGHTON
SEAFOUR
EASTBOURNE
BEXHILL
ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS
WORTHING
LITTLEHAMPTON
BOGNOR
HAYLING ISLAND
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA

First Class Return Tickets to Brighton from Victoria.
Sundays, 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.; 1st Class 10s.,
Pullman 12s., Week-days at 10.5 a.m.; Pullman 12s.,
Similar Tickets to Worthing.

"SUNNY SOUTH SPECIAL," consisting of Corridor
Carriages, Luncheon and Tea Car, gives Through
Service every week-day from Liverpool 11 a.m., Man-
chester 11.20 a.m., Birmingham 1.0 p.m., Leamington
1.12 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 3.35 p.m., due at
Brighton 5.5 p.m., Eastbourne 6.0 p.m.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS for the day, week-end, & 8 or 15 days to all these South
Coast Resorts & the Isle of Wight.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE, COWES
SANDOWN
SHANKLIN
VENTNOR
FRESHWATER
ST. HELENS
BEMBRIDGE

Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered
throughout.
The Trains run alongside the Steamers at Portsmouth
and Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from
the Train to the Steamer and vice-versa.

Details of Supt. of the Line, L. B. & S. C. R., London Bridge.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIEPPE, TROUVILLE,
FECAMP, CARN,
ETRETAT, BAYEUX.
CABOURG, HAVRE,
TROUVILLE-MERS,
ST. VALÉRY-EN-CAUX.

Direct & Circular Tickets issued via Newhaven,
Dieppe, & Rouen, comprising all places of
interest in Normandy & Brittany.
Week-End Tickets to Dieppe.

Details of Conl. Manager, L. B. & S. C. R., London Bridge.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

THE EAST COAST
FOR
A BRACING HOLIDAY.

FAST TRAINS. CHEAP TICKETS.

LONDON and
CROMER 2 hrs. 55 mins.

LOWESTOFT 2 hrs. 36 mins.

YARMOUTH 2 hrs. 30 mins.

FELIXSTOWE 1 hr. 51 mins.

CLACTON 1 hr. 44 mins.

CORRIDOR CARRIAGES,
BREAKFAST AND DINING CARS.

Tourist, Fortnightly, and Week-End Tickets.

THE BROADS.
YACHTING, FISHING, RAIL and BOAT EXCURSIONS.

GOLFING IN EAST ANGLIA.

FARMHOUSE AND COUNTRY LODGINGS LIST.

Full particulars sent gratis upon application to the Superintendent of the Line,
Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

HAMBURG.

In connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich.

By the GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Fast Passenger STEAMERS

"Peregrine" and "Hirondelle," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

Passengers leave LONDON (Liverpool Street Station) by Continental Express at 8.40 p.m.
First Class Single, 37s. 6d.; Second Class Single, 25s. 6d.; Return (for 2 months),
56s. 3d. or 38s. 9d.

NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS.

Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street
Station, London, E.C.

For particulars of G.S.N. Co. combined Steamer, Rail, and Hotel Scandinavian Tours
apply at 55, Great Tower Street, E.C.

PALACE HOTEL, BUXTON.

FINEST POSITION. 200 ROOMS.

GARAGE WITH PIT.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION,
EARL'S COURT.

11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.
Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries.

NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS.

FISHING VILLAGE. Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory."
GRAND NAVAL AND MILITARY CONCERTS.

Go on board the full-size Cruiser.
Specially Ventilated, Coolest Show in London.

Real Batteries of 47 Guns, Hotchkiss and Maxims.
The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handy-men.

Battle of Trafalgar. "Our Navy." Captive Flying Machine. Great Red Indian Village.
Voyage in a Submarine. Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Musical and Dramatic
Sketches. Tiltum Canoe, and many other attractions.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The
6 o'clock programme is entirely different to that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All Seats in all Parts
are Numbered and Reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal
applications for seats. Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10s. 6d.
and 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone: 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1s.;
Balcony, 6d. (Telephone: 7699 Gerrard). Children under 12 half price to all Fauteuils and
Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

LONDON HIPPODROME,
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S DEPARTURE.

On the morning of Aug. 14 the King left Charing Cross Station en route for Marienbad, where his Majesty is this year taking the cure. The King travelled by way of Port Victoria, where the royal yacht was in waiting. There was no ceremony at the pier, but the King shook hands with Admiral Pearson, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and with several other officers. The King remained on deck as the vessel left the harbour, the war-vessels in the Medway saluting him as he went by. The yacht was escorted across to Flushing by the armoured cruisers *Donegal* and *Kent*, and that port was reached at half-past six in the evening. On landing on the Continent the King proceeded first to Ischl, where he stayed one night as the guest of the Emperor Francis Joseph, with whom he exchanged visits. On the 16th the King continued his journey to Marienbad, which he reached about six in the evening.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The naval critic and writer on naval subjects, Sir William Laird Clowes, died at St. Leonards on Aug. 14 at the age of forty-nine. Sir William was the eldest son of William Clowes, a former Registrar in Chancery, and he at first also intended to be a barrister. He was educated at



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES, WRITER ON THE NAVY.

King's College, and became a student at Lincoln's Inn, but just when he was on the eve of being called he abandoned all thoughts of the Bar and became a journalist. His writings were at first technical, then he devoted himself to naval research, and many of his works are, in their own department, classics. He was the first man to make writing on naval subjects popular, and his papers on the condition of the Navy have been translated into many languages and have exercised an extraordinary influence. His monumental "History of the Royal Navy," in seven volumes, appeared between 1897 and 1903. He served on the Arts and General Committees of the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891, and in 1892 gained the gold medal of the United States Institute. In 1895 he was elected a Fellow of King's College, London, and in 1896 he was chosen an honorary member of the Royal United Service Institution. He was knighted in 1902. Besides his writings on nautical subjects, he made several remarkably successful essays in fiction. On another page we print a characteristic article from his hand.

We regret to record the death, which took place at Dinard on Aug. 5, of Mr. Georges Montbard, an artist whose work is well known to the readers of this Journal. Mr. Montbard, to give him his better known professional name (his real name was Charles Auguste Loyes), was born in 1841 at Montbard, Côte d'Or, France. He was educated at the Lycée of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and early turned his attention to art. He contributed much to these pages, and the series of illustrations of "English Homes" was chiefly from his pencil. Many French journals knew him as a contributor, and some of the cartoons in *Vanity Fair* were by his hand. He was a writer as well as an artist; his "Land of the Sphinx" and "Among the Moors" are records of travel in Egypt and Morocco. He took a large share also in the illustration of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." Among his experiences he counted military service during the siege of Paris and the Commune, which gave him the materials for several realistic short stories.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

In spite of the fears that the Russian and Japanese Plenipotentiaries would meet at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, only to separate almost immediately, the envoys have contrived to make some progress in their negotiations. The formalities of credentials occupied a day, whereupon both sides declared themselves satisfied of each other's plenary powers, and Japan presented her terms. The first point to be discussed was the proposed Japanese protectorate over Korea. M. Witte's

had made it known at once that he rejected four of Japan's demands—the cession of Sakhalin, the payment of Japan's war expenses, the limitation of Russia's naval power in the Far East, and the delivery to Japan of interned Russian vessels. M. Witte's

comparison with the other questions this of Korea shrinks to insignificance.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

Stories of battle, murder, and sudden death come from Russia with startling frequency, and in most cases with at least some appearance of truth. From Warsaw there is reported an affray between Socialists, infantry, and Cossacks, with casualties amounting to two killed and eighteen wounded—all Socialists. On that day and the day before some fifteen hundred persons were arrested. The sailors who mutinied in the Black Sea have been let off comparatively lightly. Four death sentences—all, it is believed, to be commuted to terms of penal servitude—three sentences to imprisonment for life, and one-and-twenty to shorter terms, cannot be said to be extremely harsh under the circumstances.

THE END OF THE SESSION.

After various alarms and excursions, the Session of 1905 ended with the usual heavy firing over the Appropriation Bill. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had gone to Dover, and the Opposition ordinance was handled by Mr. Asquith and Sir Henry Fowler. Sir Henry made a forcible speech on the Constitutional question whether the Ministry should remain in office in the face of bye-elections; and the Prime Minister answered that his only guide in this affair was the Septennial Act. Sir Henry Fowler had cited writers on Constitutional law, such as Sir William Anson; and Mr. Balfour politely suggested that their opinions did not matter twopence. What he had to consider was the practice of his predecessors, not the theories in text-books. The practice of his predecessors showed that they stayed in office, bye-elections notwithstanding, as long as they commanded a majority in the House of Commons, and were not defeated in the House on a vital issue. He denied that he had been defeated on a vital issue, and predicted that Sir Henry Fowler, when he should sit on the Treasury Bench once more, would be found adopting the same practice, without any reference to public feeling, however hostile to the Government it might be. The Unemployed Bill was passed by the House of Lords without amendment.

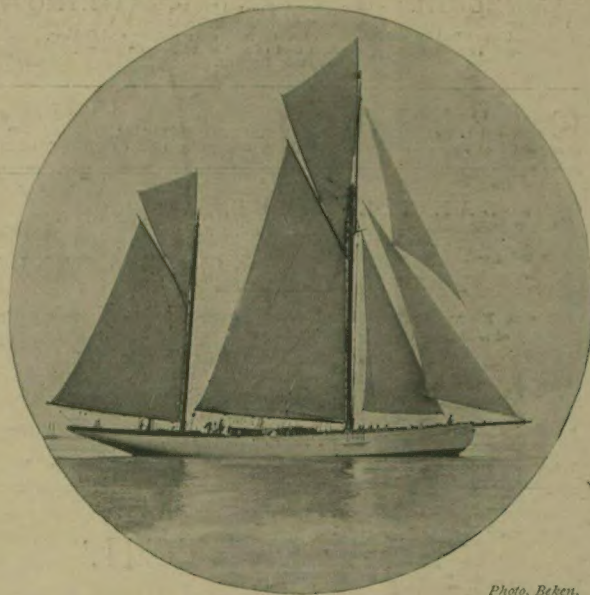


Photo. Beken.

THE WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP AT COWES: THE "CARIAD."

The win of Lord Dunraven's "Cariad" will be memorable, as the race was run in presence of the visiting French Squadron. The King set apart the day in the official programme of entertainments for the visitors to witness the yacht-races.

abrupt announcement on these four points showed the business-man rather than the diplomatist, and had Japan cared she could immediately have broken off negotiations; but Baron Komura merely received the intimation without comment, and proposed that they should proceed to discuss the question of Korea. Here Russia was able in many ways to save her face; she had pointed out that other Powers were interested, and that the most she could do was to promise to refrain from opposing Japan's efforts after a Protectorate. With this the Japanese were satisfied, and then Russia stipulated that her subjects in Korea must not be placed at any disadvantage. For a whole day the plenipotentiaries groped after a phrase that would not wound the susceptibilities of either party to express this condition. At length they adopted the ancient cliché "the most-favoured nation," and the question of Korea was substantially settled. The ease of this preliminary negotiation must not, however, be taken as an augury of speedy peace, for in



Photo. Alfred Ellis.

THE LATE MR. GEORGES MONTBARD, ARTIST AND AUTHOR.

A MENACE TO GERMANY?

M. Clémenceau has been saying that the Anglo-French festivities may prove dangerous if they are regarded as a menace to Germany. That they were not so designed every sane politician is well aware. It did not need the emphatic assurances of the Prime Minister at Westminster Hall to convince us of this. A more absolutely pacific demonstration it is impossible to conceive. Germany cannot consider herself menaced unless she contemplates some action incompatible with the interests of one or other of the two chief maritime Powers, or with the interests of both. If that be her state of mind, then nothing can offend her more than the significant amity between France and England. If she has no such project in view, then she can have no reason to complain of the *entente*. But it is plain enough that, for some reason or other, the historical saying of Sir John Fisher: "Let Brest and Portsmouth *continuer*," is anything but pleasing to the Teutonic mind.

THE NORWEGIAN REFERENDUM.

The Norwegian people have declared themselves in favour of the dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway with the certain voice that is represented by 362,980 votes against 182—and that with the returns from nineteen districts still to be accounted for. In view of this, it seems superfluous to note that the first figures of the referendum, announced at the National Theatre, Christiania, were received with enthusiasm, and were the signal for rejoicings lasting well into the night. It is generally recognised that the solidity of the Norwegian feeling on the question is likely to do much to lessen friction, and to simplify future negotiations. Meanwhile, M. Björnsterne Björnson, in company with others, is at pains to emphasise the fact that there is no ill-feeling between the peoples of Sweden and Norway.



THE BURIAL OF PAUL JONES ON AMERICAN SOIL: THE SERVICE AT THE VAULT.

STEREOPHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1905 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

The body of the Admiral, recently escorted from France with naval honours, was borne by American sailors. The honorary bearers were French sailors, distinguished by their white caps with dark centres.

THE PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARIES AND THE STATESMAN WHO BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER.

DRAWN BY I. SABATIER.



Baron Rosen.

M. Witte.

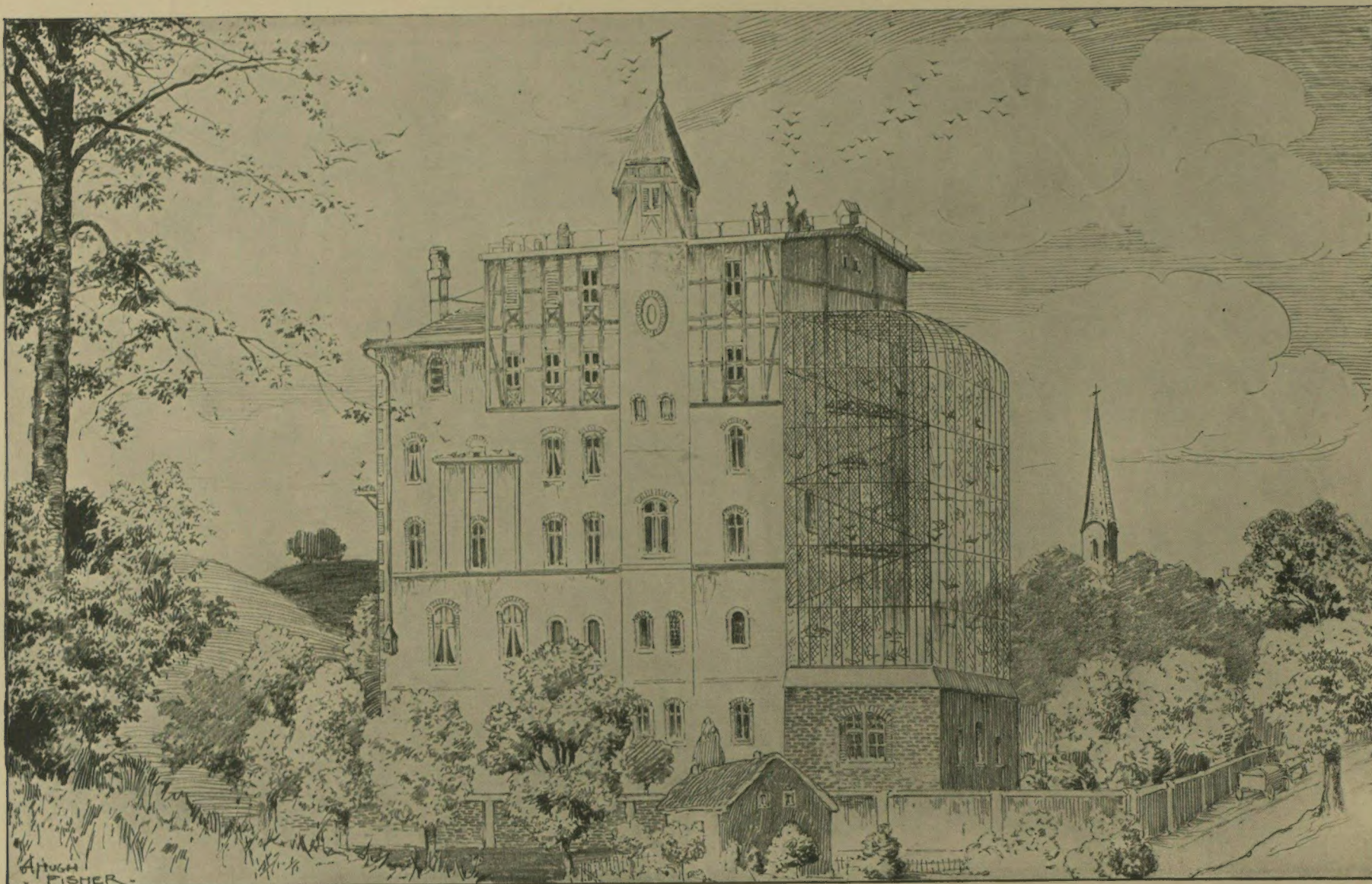
Mr. Roosevelt.

Baron Komura.

Mr. Takahira.

MR. ROOSEVELT INTRODUCING M. WITTE AND BARON KOMURA ON BOARD THE "MAYFLOWER."

On their way to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for the Peace Conference, the Russian and Japanese Plenipotentiaries stopped at Oyster Bay, where Mr. Roosevelt has his country house. The historic meeting of the envoys took place on board the United States Government yacht "Mayflower." In the cabin Mr. Roosevelt, after welcoming the Russians, suddenly opened a door leading to another saloon, called in the Japanese, introduced them to the Russians, and immediately summoned the whole party to lunch.



A COLOSSAL PIGEON-HOUSE: THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GERMAN ARMY CARRIER-PIGEON SERVICE AT SPANDAU.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM A SKETCH BY E. HJESANG.

Throughout Germany at the military stations there are large numbers of dépôts for carrier-pigeons. The headquarters are at Spandau, where a large five-storied building is entirely devoted to the pigeons. The whole south front is covered with a trellis-work like a gigantic bird-cage. The carriers are trained first to fly to a neighbouring station, the flights being gradually extended to 1000 kilomètres.



THE END OF A MEMORABLE VISIT: THE DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS ON THE SOLENT.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of August 14 the "Masséna" and the other ships under Admiral Caillard weighed anchor and steamed away from Portsmouth. The Squadron passed through the British Fleet, which was anchored in four lines. The French ships formed a single line ahead, and steamed around the British Fleet, the crews of both nations cheering each other vociferously. As soon as the "Masséna" came abreast of the British flag-ship "Exmouth" she began to fire a salute, which was taken up by her consorts and replied to by the home vessels.

THE MOTOR IN ROUGH PLACES: AN AWKWARD CORNER IN THE CARPATHIANS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE OLD LOCOMOTION PUTS THE NEW IN A FIX.

The motorist does not find all his enjoyment in the carefully-prepared track or the well-kept road, and the wilder places of the world are now invaded by the spirit of petrol. In such situations as that here depicted there is not much question of speed, but the driver requires all his nerve and skill with the steering-wheel when the old locomotion thus chances to take the wall of the new.

THE FRENCH NAVY BENEATH THE ROOF OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S GREATEST FOUNDATION: THE WINDSOR VISIT.



Lord Farquhar. Admiral Puech. Lord Esher. Duke of Argyll. Admiral Caillard. M. Cambon. French Naval Chaplain.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, GOVERNOR OF WINDSOR CASTLE, DOING THE HONOURS TO ADMIRAL CAILLARD AND HIS OFFICERS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

The scene of our Artist's drawing (made by his Majesty's special permission) is the main staircase leading to the State Apartments at Windsor. Around the walls are many splendid specimens of armour, including a French suit, and these the French officers examined with great interest. The incident here recorded took place shortly before the departure of the guests.

HOW JOHNNY WILKINS RAN AMUCK.

By WALTER WOOD.



Illustrated by ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.

WE were sitting, Old Ben and I, in the cabin of a dandy which had been a fine smack in her day and was now awaiting an adventurous purchaser of firewood.

"You ask me," observed Old Ben thoughtfully, "what I reckon is t' queerest thing I ever seed on t' Dogger. Well, that's a puzzler, for I've seen some queer 'uns. Queer things! By gum, I should think so! I've seen father and son swept overboard from a smack an' brought up in that same smack's trawl; I've seen a Bible trawled up an' on t' very first page 'at you could read there was that sayin' about t' sea givin' up its dead; I've seen every coper driven off t' Dogger by that grand Mission an' I've lived to see men an' boys 'at were reckoned worse nor heathens reformed an' made as quiet as lambs an' as comfortable as parsons. I've lived to see nearly every beam trawl swept away like rubbish, an' every sailin'-fleet run off t' fishin'-grounds by steam-boats. Them's queer enough; but of all the things I ever seed, t' queerest was when little Johnny Wilkins ran amuck, an' that isn't a long while back, neither, for it 'appened on my very last trip, before I settled ashore, 'an that'll be a year come next Whitsuntide."

"Johnny Wilkins was what you'd call a little body with a big soul in it. He was that sort 'at believes 'at all men are brothers, except when they're sisters, an' 'at God meant 'em all to go jugs an' be equal. Which is rubbish, for you might as well say 'at He meant 'em all to be skippers."

"Well, Johnny Wilkins was one of them sort 'at allus get left an' don't like it. 'I'm as good as a king, aren't I?' he used to ask. 'If not, why not? Becoss I might ha' been born a king, an' a king might ha' been born me, see?' That's how I prove it. There was a lot 'at believed Johnny Wilkins as much as he believed himself, an' that was swallerin' a big lump, I can tell you. 'My point is this,' said Johnny Wilkins, 'I've as much right to be a skipper as anybody else has, an' it's only a question o' bidin' my time an' becomin' one. I'm going to do it.' Once a man asked Johnny Wilkins who he was 'at he should want to be a skipper, an' why he thought he was better nor anybody else. Johnny Wilkins answered by knockin' him down, for two reasons, he said; one was 'at that man meant to insult him, an' t' other was 'at he wanted to drive some sense into him."

"I'm tellin' you this so 'at you can see what sort o' man Johnny Wilkins was, an' what a bad thing philosophy is if you don't properly understand it an' let it sipe into you. The trouble wi' poor Johnny Wilkins was 'at he didn't think enough. He was what I should call a rash reasoner, with a bad 'abit o' jumpin' at conclusions, an' allus grabbin' 'em starn first, so to speak."

"Well, I'd sailed wi' Johnny Wilkins in old smacks, I'd made many a trip with him in them old paddle steam-boats, doin' a lot o' single boatin' an' fleetin', an' at last we were shipmates in a grand new screw steam-boat."

"This steam-boat was a perfect beauty. She was dry in two ways—her owner an' skipper bein' teetotallers an' her 'ardly ever shippin' a drop o' watter even in a real smart breeze; for she was a big vessel 'at 'ad cost six thousand pound if she'd cost a penny, an' was really meant for t' Iceland fishin'. Bein' new an' bein' big, she'd a cabin aft for t' skipper, chief injuner, an' four other 'ands, an' a fo'c'sle for eight men. They called 'er t' *Band of Hope*, an' there wasn't any sperrit on board even i' t' medicine-chest, over an' beyond what two or three o' t' men smuggled in in their boxes."

"T' *Band of Hope* had gone out to do a bit o' single boatin', to get 'er 'and in, so to speak, an' she'd been

yawl, an' we used to sleep together on t' same floor i' t' same grime. An' it isn't so jolly long sin' he was sailin' without a ticket, like all skippers in t' good old days when Tom was as good as Dick an' Dick as good as 'Arry. That's my argyment,' he says, 'an' I'll prove it.' There's no question 'at Johnny Wilkins could talk beautiful an' could bring any man 'at wasn't a thinker round to his way o' lookin' at things. 'That skipper,' he says, 'is just as big a roustabout as me, an' it isn't dam well good enough. I believe in fraternity, I do, an' I'm goin' to be skipper o' this *Band o' Hope*."

"Go it, Johnny," says a wrong un called Tomkins, 'at was ullus one for makin' mischief. 'I'd like you to be skipper, I'd have a bit of a fling, becoss I'd do just what suited me.'

"Would you?" says Johnny Wilkins, as fierce as a ferret, 'not if you was within reach o' my boot-toe you wouldn't. If I gave orders I'd see 'em carried out, or I'd know what for.'

"What 'ud you do if you was skipper?" I says, to humour 'im, for I saw 'at he was in a peculiar mood."

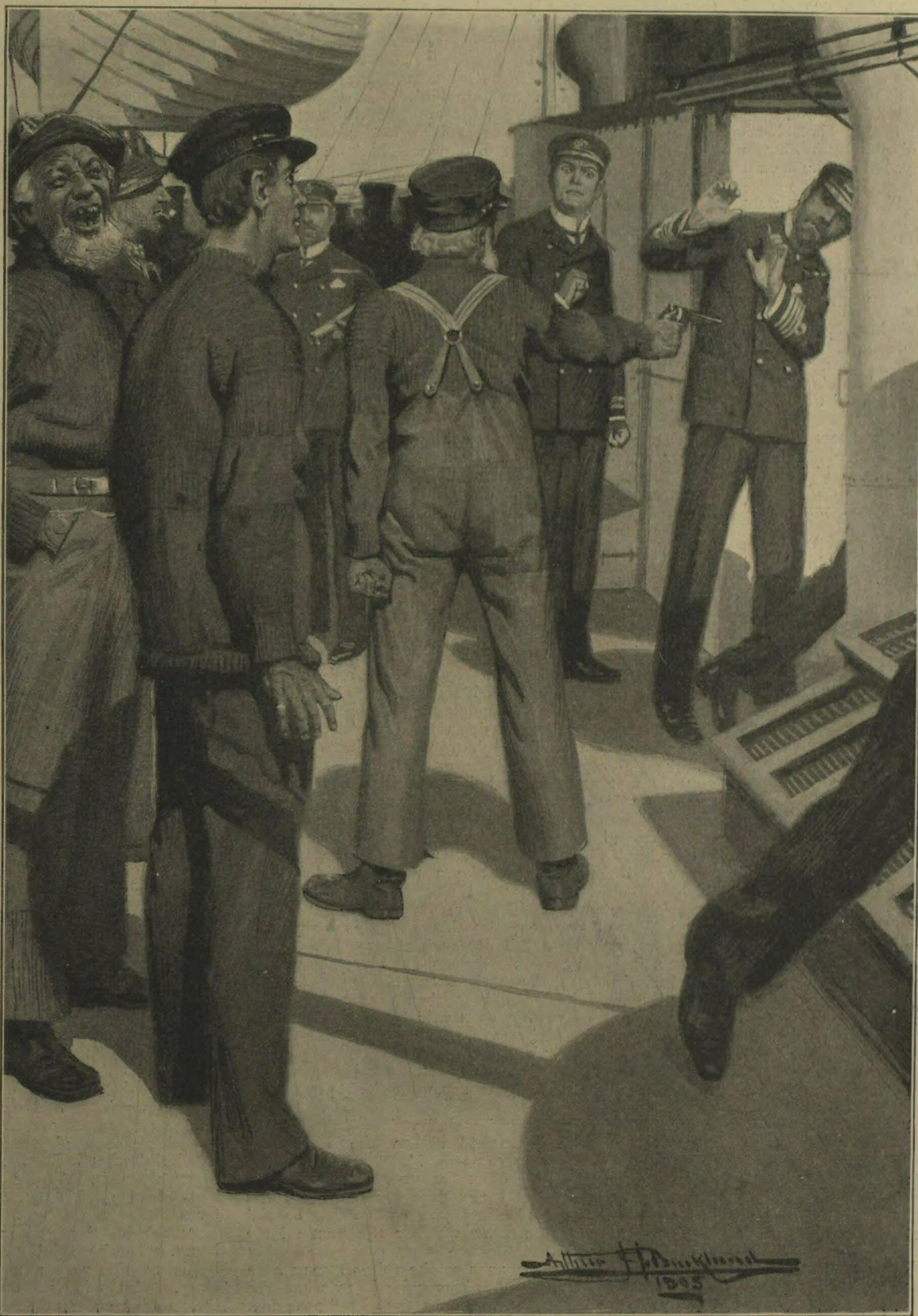
"Do?" he says. 'I'd be a Roosian admiral!'

"He gasped an' we gasped, for you must understand 'at Johnny Wilkins had pretty well gone dotty on that Baltic Fleet an' Dogger business. He used to foam when he mentioned it. 'It wouldn't ha' been called a 'incident,' he says, 'if a Prime Minister or two had been massycreed instead o' two poor smacks-men. England a nation!' he shouts. 'Not any more! It used to be a nation o' men when Nelson an' them like him were livin', but now it's a land o' washerwomen. What's the British Navy for? To keep colliers an' tailors workin', I 'xpect, an' provide a livin' for toffs! Then he looks into his tea-caddy, with a most bitter laff."

"Johnny Wilkins knew a wonderful lot about that Baltic Fleet, an' that Admiral wi' a name 'at nobody could ever get more nor partly out with. He'd got a book with it all pasted in, from start to finish, an' all about the British Navy bein' cleared for action, an' editors wantin' it to be at 'em, so's they could write about it an' give picters. But the thing 'at mostly bothered 'is mind was 'at so many folk 'ad just got so much out of it. 'One chap's got more nor two thousand pound just for bein' wownded!' he says. 'Made for life! I'd walk on peg-legs an' wear 'ooks on my arms for ever for a dashed sight less! An' that's goin' to be my object in life. I want somebody,' he says, 'to blaze away at me like 'ell.'"

"There's no denyin' 'at that Baltic Fleet brought luck, in a way,' says Tomkins, waggin' 'is head, an' goadin' Johnny Wilkins on, notwithstanding 'is state o' mind. 'How would you get to be skipper o' this steam-boat, now, so's you'd 'ave a chance o' bein' struck?'

"As easy 'as winkin', says Johnny Wilkins, 'an' as quick. I'll show you. An' with that he outs wi' a thumpin' big revolver from his tin box an' stuffs it under his guernsey. Then he goes on deck an' rolls—you couldn't call it walkin'—to the wheelhouse



He points bang at the doctor's chest.

away two days when Johnny Wilkins begins 'is bother, 'avin' been at 'is rum, which 'e kept in a tea-caddy, bein' by nature deceitful."

"Who's this perishin' skipper?" says Johnny Wilkins, all of a sudden, 'at he should live aft an' be as distant as a parson in a pulpit? I'm as good as 'im, aren't I? Then why should he be aft an' me for'ard? It didn't used to be so when I sailed with 'im in t' old

an' looks up an' says to the man there, 'Come out o' that! I'm skipper o' this 'ere steam-boat, an' I'm goin' to steer 'er myself.' He points 'is big revolver at the poor chap at the wheel, an', without as much as answerin' a word, out he comes an' springs on deck, an' in jumps Johnny Wilkins.

"Talk about pandemonium! Every soul was on deck in a jiffy. Up tumbles the skipper an' the mate an' the injuneers an' the trimmer an' everybody else, till there wasn't a soul left below. T' injuns were goin' full swing, as it 'appened 'at the skipper was on the ruz for a bit o' ground 'at he hoped to get a good 'aul from.

"Now," said Johnny Wilkins, 'I've got you all on toast. I'm the skipper o' this *Band o' Hope*, an' I'm goin' to shoot the first man 'at stirs! If any on you tries to go to them injuns to stop 'em or interfere wi' this steam-boat in any shape or form, I'll pot 'im like a lobster. I'm goin' to keep one 'and on this wheel an' one on this pistol, an' one eye for'ard an' one all round,' he says.

"Then we all saw what 'ad happened, an' 'at poor Johnny Wilkins had gone clean off his chump, along o' his undisciplined thinkin', an' dwellin' too much on compensation 'at he hadn't got.

"We'd no sooner pulled together a bit nor Johnny Wilkins gives a shout. 'Hello!' he says, 'look ahead, an' tell me what you see!'

"We all looked, an' saw that trim little Government paddle steam-boat which you've seen hereabouts on surveyin' duty. She was out for a spell o' work, an' her captain 'ad hired old Jerry Piggins's yawl as a mark-boat, so's he'd know where he was.

"The skipper, eager-like, told Johnny Wilkins this, an' said warnin', 'You know, Johnny, 'at that steam-boat's a man-o'-war!'

"He couldn't ha' said a fataler thing, considerin' Johnny Wilkins's state o' mind. It was just like puttin' a spark to powder.

"Men-o'-war," shouts Johnny Wilkins. 'So they are! Them's a torpedo-boat fleet, an' they're comin' straight at me all ends up! If I don't sink 'em, they'll let fly at me, an' I'm done for. I'm goin' for 'em neck an' crop, like Nelson at Waterloo! That shows you the ignorance and confusion o' Johnny Wilkins's mind—he was allus mixin' things up. What he meant was Bonyparte at Trafalgar.

"A reg'lar thrill, more, in fact, like a spasm, went through the lot o' us as we stood an' watched an' listened. We were all hunked up in a bunch, an' paralysed wi' astonishment, for that *Band of Hope* was goin' as straight as a die for that poor little paddle steam-boat an' old Jerry Piggins's yawl.

"In a way, it was comic, I must say—like watchin' somebody else's place burnin' an' knowin' 'at you 'aven't to pay for t' fire-injuns an' damage.

"Can't you see," shouts the poor skipper, 'at it's a Government boat engaged in surveyin' an' 'at t' other vessel's old Jerry Piggins's yawl 'at's bein' used as a mark-boat?'

"I've 'ad secret information,' answers Johnny Wilkins, 'at torpedo-boats are a-chasin' me, an' I can tell by my search-lights 'at them's 'em! If I'd all my guns aboard I'd shoot 'em, but as I haven't I'm goin' to sink 'em. The ram's t' most powerful weapon o' modern war!'

"What in the world are you drivin' at?' shouts the poor skipper, horrified. 'Do you know 'at you'll be ruined over this, an' 'at you might get 'anged?'

"Johnny Wilkins laughs again in that odd way of his. 'You ignoramus!' he answers back; 'you don't read t' papers an' you aren't guided by precedents. It's been laid down by a lot of Admirals 'at you can run amuck as 'ard as you like, an' kill an' bust an' smash an' riot like a tribe o' Red Indians on t' war-path, an' then run away, an' yet all you'll ha' to do is to say 'at you got green monkeys on your mind, an' you'll be let off on payment of a fine by somebody else. I'm goin' to have my fling an' let t' Government pay for it. I shall get compensation out o' this, an' be rich for life!'

"For heaven's sake, somebody go up an' stop him!" says the poor skipper, tremblin' an' shakin'.

"T' first man 'at comes up goes to heaven by pistol!" sings out Johnny Wilkins, an' he outs wi' that awful revolver in a way 'at made my blood run cold to look at.

"You've got a quellin' sort of eye, Ben," says the skipper; 'slip up an' try it on him.'

"Not me, I tells him. 'A quellin' eye isn't much of a catch if there's no receiptfulness at t' other end.'

"That fair knocked him, becoss the poor old skipper wasn't much of a scholar an' didn't know what receiptfulness meant. Now I'll do him the common justice to say 'at, accordin' to his raythur dull lights, he was one o' the best; if he had a fault, it was 'at he was too much of a Christian, an' employed pleadin' when he ought to ha' used a 'andspike. He was that good an' gentle he wouldn't hurt a fly; and so, instead o' going boldly an' seizin' Johnny Wilkins by t' scruff of his neck an' flingin' him into t' ice-room to cool, he goes up a step or two an' says—'You come out o' that wheelhouse, Johnny, there's a good little feller! An' then Johnny Wilkins lets fly wi' language 'at fair shocked even us 'at hadn't been to Sunday School. But t' skipper didn't go to any o' t' places 'at Johnny Wilkins mentioned, nor yet do any o' t' things 'at he recommended, t' least o' which was 'at he should go an' put hisself i' t' fire-boxes.

"You've been drinkin', Johnny," says the skipper, so sad 'at I fairly melted to hear him.

"This is a temp'rance steam-boat, isn't it?" says Johnny Wilkins, sharp-like.

"It is," says the skipper.

"Then shame on you, you impostor, for carryin' booze!" says Johnny Wilkins. 'You needn't stop your ears, neither, becoss truth will in, even if it won't allus out!' Then Johnny Wilkins laughs in a most awful an' blood-curdlin' way an' sings—

'I don't want to fight, but by Jingo! if I do,'

I've got the ship, I've got the steam, an' I'm the skipper, too!'

Then he shouts 'Let 'em all come!' an' looks in the strangest way you ever seed dead ahead, towards t' Government boat an' that old mark-boat.

"We're gettin' up with 'em as fast as a 'ouse afire," says the mate. 'Are you goin' to let him keep her on like this?'

"I think so," says t' skipper. 'I think we'd better go down an' get that Government captain's advice. An' possibly Johnny'll be awed into sense.'

"I wouldn't do any such idiotic thing," snarls t' mate, as savage as a tiger. 'Let's pull him out o' t' wheelhouse an' chuck him below. There's been enough o' this nonsense. Shall I try?'

"T' skipper didn't answer, an' t' mate jumps for'ard like a bird. He sprang up the little bit of a ladder leadin' to t' wheelhouse, an' his hand was on t' door to open it when out pops Johnny Wilkins's face from a winder, with a fearful grin on it, an' out comes his hand wi' that pistol in it.

"T' mate dropped as if he'd been shot, although he hadn't been so much as touched, an' he backed a lot faster nor I ever seed him go for'ard. It was wonderful—you might ha' thought he'd got his 'ead twisted round an' could see over his shoulders.

"Whatever can we do?" says t' skipper, wringin' his 'ands.

"I've got a idea," say Tomkins, who'd been Greenland whalin'. 'Arpoon him. It 'ud be legal, according to these Admirals' precedents.'

"It 'ud be wilful murder, according to a crowner's court," says t' skipper. 'Besides, poor Johnny may be a bit bad, but he 'asn't yet sunk to t' level of a whale or a porpuss.'

"All right," says Tomkins, 'but if you don't pot him he'll pot us, an' if he doesn't pot us he'll sink us. She's goin' a full ten knots an' as straight as a line for that old Government boat. Look at 'em an' see what a panic they're in.'

"I don't know what they were doin' i' that surveyin' steam-boat; but they weren't surveyin'. There was a lieutenant aft, fishin', an' another brass-bound chap talkin' to him an' smokin'. In t' sunshine for'ard some men were lollin' an' makin' rag rugs, an' a young officer 'at seemed to be on watch was leanin' over t' edge o' t' bridge watchin' us, with his jaw fair droppin'.

"An' well it might, for by that time we were runnin' as near as ninepence to him, an' I could see as plain as I see this tin can under my nose, t' astonishment 'at came on all their faces.

"Johnny Wilkins runs that *Band of Hope* down as straight as a die, an' m' heart nearly stood still, for I thought he was goin' to plump into that steam-boat just abaft of her starboard sponson, an' sink her like a brick. He gives a blast on his whistle, an' yells, 'I've got you in a band, an' you can't escape! An' I've got my lights on you, an' see as plain as a pikestaff 'at you're them damned torpedo-boats 'at I've 'ad secret warnin' about. You're doomed!' says Johnny Wilkins, 'an' I'm the doomer!'

"Then all at once he rams his helm hard a-port an' that *Band of Hope* runs round an' away from the Government boat in the most beautiful fashion you ever seed. It was a treat to see her steer. An' it was a most remarkable exhibition too, for every act o' Johnny Wilkins says as plain as print, 'Come on an' shoot at me. What don't you for?' He was just sort of drawin' their fire, so to speak.

"You never seed such a commotion as there was on that Government boat. Her white deck became blue wi' officers an' men like magic. She positively seemed to spew 'em up from below. The skipper, a man wi' a black beard an' black 'air an' in a white shirt, dashed up wi' not much on, havin' turned in for a nap, an' wrenched his injun-room telegraph till it sounded like church bells. But, bless you, he was as helpless as a cripple, for even if his anchor hadn't been down he'd no 'ead o' steam on, an' the result was 'at Johnny Wilkins just ran round 'im like a gull wheelin' about over offal.

"He was at the very height of his frenzy when a rum thing 'appens. Just as the *Band of Hope* runs past, not more nor a foot separatin' 'em, the young officer 'at 'ad been fishin' springs on to our deck like a deer, an' what wi' 'is excitement an' the rush o' the steam-boat, rolls up like a ball an' didn't stop till he clutched the poor old skipper's legs. By that time we were quite past the Government boat.

"What d'ye mean by this outrage?" says the lieutenant, only he didn't use such soft words.

"Ask Johnny Wilkins," says Tomkins, shovin' his nose in, an' pointin' to the wheelhouse.

"I'll ask Johnny Wilkins with a vengeance!" says the lieutenant, as savage as a wild beast. 'Come out, you drunken swine!' he says, running up to the wheelhouse door like a monkey.

"Johnny Wilkins leaves his spokes for just a second an' his hand goes to his guernsey, where he'd popped his pistol.

"Mind that revolver!" we all yell.

"Revolver be damned!" shouts the lieutenant. 'This madman's got to come out!'

"By gum, Sir, I've often felt proud o' the British Navy, but upon my soul I never felt prouder nor I did just then when that plucky young chap clung on an' didn't seem to care a straw whether the next minute was his last or not.

"He seemed as slick as a snake an' as strong as a horse, for before Johnny Wilkins quite knew what was happenin' the lieutenant wrenches the wheelhouse door open, dashes in, an' has Johnny chokin' by the neck an' chucks 'im out with a flop on deck.

"There," he says scornful, 'some o' you catch him an' take him on board for our doctor to look at.'

"We copt poor Johnny Wilkins right enough, an' got the boat out an' ferried him to that Government boat, just like lambs, for the power o' command o' that young officer was simply wonderful. He was one o' the right breed, Sir, take my word for it—an' he's one 'at any proper two-legged man'll follow anywhere an' do anything for. An' them's the sort we want when it comes to tacklin' foreigners.

"We gets Johnny Wilkins on to the deck o' the Government boat, an', queer as it may seem, in all the excitement not one of us gives as much as a thought to his pistol, so Johnny had it tucked in his chest when we were all sort o' paraded on the quarterdeck aft, an' the captain, who'd got his uniform on, an' looked at you as if you felt a gimlet goin' through you, ordered him to be stood apart.

"Johnny Wilkins didn't mind. He stood apart all right, an' laffed an' joked like a good 'un.

"I can do nothing," says the captain at last, despairin'. 'It's your business,' he says, turnin' to the doctor chap. 'He's quite gone in the attic, an' I think it's a dashed queer case. 'Ave a turn at 'im. I wish you luck.'

"The doctor fancied hisself a lot—you could see that from the way he put his hands behind his back an' straddled his legs an' generally looked, as much as to say, 'See me wipe the deck with him!'

"He cleared his throat, an', so 'at all could hear, he says, patronisin' 'Who are you, my good man?'

"Well, for one thing, old Brass-Bound," raps out Johnny Wilkins, 'I'm your brother, seein' 'at all men are equals. That's my argyment, an' I'll prove it.'

"Of course you are," says the doctor, pullin' hisself together a bit, but as pleasant as June sunshine. 'An' what's the other thing?'

"The other thing," says Johnny Wilkins, 'is, I'm a Roosian admiral!'

"Of course you are," says the doctor, pleasanter nor ever. 'What's your name?'

"Now there you've got me fair 'ipped," says Johnny Wilkins, suddenly puzzled, an' puttin' 'is 'and to his brow. 'I know it, mind you, but I never could commit it to memory.'

"The doctor comes up an' taps Johnny Wilkins on the shoulder, just like a pal, an' still smilin' as genial as a Christmas-box he winks to the skipper o' the Government boat and says, 'You're sufferin' from 'allucinations.'

"She does get on my mind a bit, an' that's a fact," says Johnny Wilkins—'but you're confused. Her name's Laura, not Lucy.'

"There was a reg'lar guffaw at that, an' the doctor turns his 'ead away an' laffs in 'is 'and.

"If things 'adn't been as they were that doctor an' the skipper of that Government boat an' one or two fat men in uniform 'ud never ha' smiled again, for Johnny Wilkins jumps back like a wild beast on a fire-bar an' whips out 'is revolver. 'I'll learn you to laff at your betters!' he says.

"He points bang at the doctor's chest, an' there was a wild shout, then a queer click, then another, an' half-a-dozen clicks before they could stop him.

"I've seen a bit o' smart jumpin' in my time, but never such a show o' 'oppin' as on that Government boat when they tried to get away from bullets 'at didn't come.

"Ang it!" yells Johnny Wilkins, 'I forgot to put cartridges in! Why, you 'owlin' cowards! I've scared the lives out of you all this time wi' a empty pistol! Then he falls on the deck an' rolls an' laughs till he couldn't roll an' laugh any more, for a lot o' men rushes up an' sits on him till they gets him in irons an' rushes him below. An' they didn't 'andle him too gently, neither, for there's no man so sore as a man 'at's been made a fool of an' scared into a funk.

"Your friend's a reg'lar cough-drop," says the doctor, taking me aside and moppin' 'is brow. 'It's a strikin' example o' mental perdition. He's run amuck like a Malay, he has, same as I've seen 'em do in the Far East. You seem to be of a thoughtful turn o' mind, an' I should like to compare notes with you on the case. He's fair dotty on them Roosians, an' if you've any dates, or facts, to go on, you might shell 'em out an' do a swop.'

"Mind you, Sir, I'm not givin' you his exact words, but the sperrit o' 'em.

"Recent events," I says, 'ave preyed on his mind to such a extent 'at he's collapsed.'

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, solemn-like. 'He's got a slate off the roof, eh? Now, what's his motive? There's no river without its source, you know; no fire without its smoke, barrin' gas, an' that smells—he was a parrably sort o' doctor, an' free in his speech. 'Come, the motive, out with it, no fear an' no favour.'

"Well," I says, 'he kicked 'at bein' shoved into a diff'rent part o' the steam-boat to live, said it wasn't brotherly, and not good enough; then his mind's unballasted by these queer Roosian events 'at we've 'ad. He's gone crocky on compensation an' gettin' money enough to live on without workin'. He's clean lost his balance through trying to understand that North Sea massycre business.'

"Most of us 'ud do that," says the doctor, so grim 'at you'd ha' thought it was another man 'at spoke. 'I've tried to reckon it up myself, an' I know a lot more clever 'uns 'at have had a shot at it, an' we've all come a cropper over it. There's many a saner man nor this friend o' yours 'at's gone a bit soft in wonderin' what it all means. Take my tip, an' don't worry about it. As for your friend, it's a pity; but he's clean off his nut, an' he'll ha' to go to Bedlam for a bit when we get ashore.'

"An' that," added Ben, risin' to go on deck and home, 'is where Johnny Wilkins got sent an' where he is at this very minute. Yes, he's the rummest chap, an' his is the queerest case of all the queer things I've come across on the Nowth Sea.'

"And have you seen Johnny Wilkins lately?" I asked.

"Saw him last Sunday at t' asylum," answered Ben. 'He's as well an' cheerful as you an' me when he isn't off his chump. His last words were, 'Compensation, if you like, but no punishment, no degradation, becoss, after all, I've done nothing. That's precedent, an' it's been established by a Court o' Admirals. If you should 'appen to remember that deeded long Roosian name o' mine, you might send it on a post-card, so 'at I can refresh my memory. I double up every time I try to jerk it out.'

THE END.

THE DIPLOMATIC RECOGNITION OF THE FRENCH NAVY: THE FOREIGN MINISTER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOUK FROM SKETCHES BY A. FORESTIER, MADE BY LORD LANSDOWNE'S SPECIAL PERMISSION.

M. Cambon.

Lord Lansdowne.

Admiral Caillaud.



Captain Schilling.

Earl Roberts.

Commissaire-en-chef Doyat.

Marquess of Bath.

BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER AND FRENCH ADMIRALS: LORD LANSDOWNE AND HIS GUESTS AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE.

On the evening of August 10 the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs entertained at Lansdowne House the Admiral and principal officers of the visiting French Fleet. Dinner was served in the Sculpture Gallery. Lord Lansdowne had on his right the French Ambassador, and on his left Admiral Caillaud. There were no speeches, but the health of the King and of President Loubet was proposed and honoured with great enthusiasm.

FICTION, TRAVEL, AND A MUSICIAN'S ROMANCE.

FICTION AND FACT.

THE Renaissance is a period of fearful temptation to the modern English novelist. One has come through it and lived, but for his salvation many have perished. The last to brave the ordeal is Mr. Bernard Capes, who in his new novel, "A Jay of Italy" (Methuen), can hardly be held to have escaped. He has seized the period when Galeazzo Sforza was Duke of Milan, and it seems to have been too much for him. The painting is too lurid, the drama too fantastic. The germ of the idea is not bad, and in a happier mood Mr. Capes might have made something of it, but he is overwhelmed in turgidities of style. This, as sincere admirers of the author, we deplore, and beg him, for the talent that is in him, to write a simpler prose. The story is of a fifteenth century evangelist, a pretty boy of dubious origin, Bernardo Bembo, from an upland monastery, with a lute on his shoulder and the Gospel on his tongue—a pious troubadour, in fact—who hears of the corruption of Milan and goes thither to convert it and its riotous Duke. On the way to the city he begins his singing mission, and his little improvised parables in no earthly sort of metre, though presumably heavenly—very trying, this portion of Mr. Capes's performance—make converts quickly. There is also, of course, amorous adventure—is it not the Renaissance?—and here, too, Bembo plays Joseph rarely. At Court he is for a time a success; he brings the city to repentance and enjoys high preferment. But in the end the world is, as ever, too strong for its rebuker. There is more Joseph work, and inevitably, of course, the ghostly confessor goes to prison, not with the butler and the baker, but with a mysterious fool called Cicada and a friend of his earliest journeyings, Carlo Lanti. In the dungeon the little enthusiast comes by his end. The novel seems like a good song gone awry, and falls far below concert pitch.

It will not be the novelists' fault if the Wessex peasant remains a mystery to his urban contemporaries. On the other hand, there is the fear that the object of so much critical attention may—if he takes to novel-reading, happily a remote contingency—exchange his dogged simplicity for the self-consciousness of a public character. His loves, his antipathies, his dialect (especially the latter), are common property now. "Orme Agnus" is not the least painstaking, or the least gifted, among the students of Dorsetshire life, and he did so well in "The Root" that it is a disappointment to find him chronicling small beer assiduously in "The New Minister." Perhaps the trouble is over-production, as it is only a few months since the first-named story was published; perhaps it is that the moral purpose of these tales of an earnest young minister's work among a rustic congregation has overweighted the character-study in which he excels. The result, whatever the cause may be, is the appearance of a trivial volume. It is a book that will, no doubt, find great favour in sober, pious-minded circles, where it should make agreeable Sunday reading: it is a collection of excellent moral sketches, drawn by a hand that knows its work, and it is free from the perverid exaggeration that so often mars the "goody" novel; but we want stouter stuff from its clever author. Virtuous characters, unhappily, are the weak portion of the novelist's stock-in-trade, and "The New Minister" (Ward, Lock), which contains plenty of them, is the latest exemplification of this melancholy fact.

Mr. Maxy will have us understand that there is life in the old plots yet, a contention that no one who reads his "Vivien" (Methuen) will be inclined, we think, to gainsay. It is not exactly put in so many words, but he lays stress upon his own originality: he does not care a fig for your carping; the human comedy, old as the world, is as new as the moment, and you will—you must—be held by it if only the writer who rehearses it to you has insight and sympathy. He has these things, and the artistic sense that balances them, and so his story of the virtuous young woman who is rewarded by marriage with a duke succeeds admirably. Not the least of its charms is that it shows us the optimist author, who has been recently at a discount, handling a subject that the graver brethren have approached often enough, and in their least hopeful moods. Vivien is a girl astray in London, and she has to pass through heart-sickness, despondency, the defilement of mean associations, before we have done with her. She becomes a shop-girl; she encounters active persecution and wickedness: we know with what sombre colours Mr. Gissing would have touched the picture. Here, too, the life is grey and merciless; but the fairies gave her self-respect and a sense of humour, and with the timely help of these attributes she emerges unscathed. In the end the ducal lover places her at his side, and poetic justice descends upon all concerned. It does not quite work out as life according to the realists; but it is a strong, and, indeed, in many passages a brilliant novel.

There is always a provoking spice to a novel in which the heroine, about half-way through, marries the wrong man; because we know that curiosity aroused by the problem of the parted lovers will not be appeased until the last chapter, and that means suspense prolonged through many tantalising pages. So in "The White Lady" (Long), when Hester, having gazed into the dark eyes of a handsome young soldier and found her fate

there, is forced into marriage with an elderly rich man, the unravelling of the plot becomes an intricate business, to which Miss Crommelin devotes herself with obvious relish. She has no meagre contempt for sensation; she believes in its free application, and as the result is a hearty, well-flavoured romance, sure to find favour with a wide circle of readers, we must agree that she justifies her methods. She has not escaped the usual pitfall, which is that the laggard lover, however plausible his reasons for hesitating on the brink of matrimony, looks too much of a poltroon to be worthy the high affection of the woman he loses; but he shines, of course, by contrast with the husband. Hester had singular ill luck, for her "Auld Robin Gray" (as she dubbed him in her musings) was anything but kind, and developed into a raving madman with a leaning towards homicide before she escaped from his toils. We should be ungrateful to Miss Crommelin if we revealed any further details of a story designed to impart delightful thrills and cold shivers to her faithful audience. It is enough to say that the White Lady has a smack of the supernatural about her, and that the gloomy Priory sets her off to perfection.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has contrived a very good story in "The Man who Won" (Hutchinson), and tells it always with spirit and at times with considerable subtlety. The misfortunes of the heroine, Melicent Lutwyche, in South Africa immediately before the outbreak of the war—the death of her father, the intrigues of his Dutch wife, Tante Wilma, the rivalry between Bert Mestaer and Otis, otherwise "Amurrica," for the orphaned Millie—are described with a vividness that perhaps is all the greater because, evidently, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds does not love the Boers. The only puppet in those scenes is the clergyman, Carol Mayne, who plays a useful but still more wooden part later on, when Melicent is sent home to her uncle, the Rev. Edmund Chetwynd-Cooper. That men and clergymen so utterly foolish as this Anglican vicar do exist we have no reason to doubt, and it will be only according to their deserts if they marry people like Mrs. Cooper—ladies who smile and smile and yet are, in their own small ways, villains. But the Cooper girls, with their governess "Tommy," are an exaggeration, or else so unusual that it is altogether futile to contrast from them the discipline of the conventions with the hardly attained virtue of Millicent, who has roughed it in the outskirts of civilisation. For the purposes of a story, however, Millie, set down among the Coopers to work out her own salvation (and incidentally theirs also, in some degree, we are given to understand), is an effective figure. And not less so is that of Bert Mestaer, who certainly is one of those who "contend to the uttermost for their life's set prize." "The Man who Won" is in many ways a moving story.

Mr. Harding King has set down in his book, "A Search for the Masked Tawareks" (London: Smith, Elder and Co.), the account of a very plucky journey into the Sahara. He started from Biskra, and went steadily south to Tougourt, and then shaped his course in a south-westerly direction as far as Wargla. Even in that inhospitable region he could find no Tawareks, so he returned to Tougourt, and went east to El Wad and Gomar, where his patience was rewarded. Mr. King contrives to hold our attention throughout the narrative, though it must be admitted that his style leaves much to be desired, and his sense of humour reminds us of music-halls. But he has much to say that is worth hearing, and not a little that is new, despite Duveyrier, while the photographs of Tawareks which he succeeded in securing have an interest that will be by no means limited to the general reader of his volume. Moreover, Mr. King is fairly free from prejudice and inaccuracy, though he makes one or two mistakes. For example, he translates the Berber word "amazigh" as noble, and this is an error into which nearly every writer who deals with the Berbers has fallen. The proper translation of the word is "free." The plural of "ksar," too, is not formed by adding an "s," but by changing the "a" into "o." Small inaccuracies like these might well have been avoided. Mr. King deals with the Matriarchal System that rules the life of the Tawareks, and has much to say that is of interest in contrasting the life of the downtrodden Arab woman with that of her free sister of the desert. He has done well, too, to find under the unprepossessing exterior of the veiled man of the Sahara certain fine qualities that the more superficial observer would have passed unnoticed. It is worthy of note that the Tawareks hold England to be a small island whose inhabitants live upon fish, and spend a great part of their time either in the water or in boats. Mr. King is quite justified when he points out the serious opposition that the Tawareks will offer to the French advance across the desert. Their intimate knowledge of the Sahara, their capacity for endurance, and their pride in their liberty will always be factors that French African enterprise must take into consideration. Properly handled, the Tawareks may become invaluable to their future conquerors, for they appear, in the light of Mr. King's narrative, to have certain qualities in common with those brigands who once held all the roads in Mexico, but in the clever hands of Porfirio Diaz became the sure guarantors of the highway. If France is to dominate the Sahara, she must conciliate the fierce nomads who regard it, not without right, as their own special property.

WAGNER'S INSPIRATION TO "TRISTAN."

IT is no doubt better that the world should not see the emotional materials that went to the making of any work of genius. The great result should be sufficient, but the impious Toddlers of humanity will cry till Doomsday—"Wantsh to see wheels go wound": hence the appeal of such works as the remarkable collection of letters revealing the sorrows which moved Richard Wagner to the composition of "Tristan und Isolde." And since publication has become an accomplished fact, and since human curiosity is what it is, we need not apologise for the inevitable interest which the volume of correspondence of "Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck" (Grevel) arouses. It will not, certainly, heighten the ecstasy of our next hearing of "Tristan"; it may, perchance, lessen the wonder and mystery of it all and impose upon the supreme romance an element of prose; but the letters help to explain the Master, and on the personal consideration they may be welcomed, although on the artistic they must be more or less anathema, for there explanation is superfluous. It is enough that we have "Tristan," that the Master was able perfectly to express his conception of "Love as fearful agony," without our discovering the torments he himself suffered in bringing, as he said, his "child of sorrows" to birth. For it is not at all necessary that we should understand Richard Wagner: it is very necessary for one part of our development that we should understand Tristan, and that is only to be approximated to by contemplation of the poem itself.

With this warning to the Wagnerian (the word is vile, but Hobson's choice) of the peril he risks in thus examining into the emotional scaffolding, as it were, of the most poignant of the music-dramas, it may at once be admitted that the book is strangely fascinating and suggestive. Mr. Ashton Ellis, the editor and translator, has not been entirely happy in his English: everywhere there is the tyranny of the German double or even triple epithet, and the continual use of "Lady-friend" in addressing Frau Wesendonck is nothing short of intolerable, charged as it is with Cockney associations. But despite these defects, the history of this period of Wagner's career has been set forth with skill and judgment. The letters are permitted to speak for themselves, and comment has been reduced to the scantiest dimensions, for which the reader must be thankful.

The story is in itself not new. Genius has seldom, except in the case of Robert Browning, found inspiration within the bonds of holy matrimony. Wagner, attracted by the pretty face of the very limited Minna Planer, an actress at the Magdeburg Theatre, where he had his first conductorship, espoused her (and her family), and was the consistent foe of early marriages thenceforward. He was twenty-one, Minna twenty-five; he declared he would go to the devil if she would not have him. Either way the choice was the same. The squalid details of their unhappiness need not be insisted on. In spite of it, however, the Master contrived to produce "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin." Then in 1852 he met Mathilde, wife of Otto Wesendonck, a wealthy silk-merchant of Dresden; and a new era opened in his life. Shortly after he made her acquaintance he wrote to his friend Uhlig: "The feminine element remains the only one that can help me to illusions." It helped him in this case, to great purpose, by increasing at once his happiness and his misery. Under his spell Mathilde also became a poet. Minna, of course, kicked. There were unseemly brawls, and she and Wagner had to separate; further, he determined to give up his intimacy with Frau Wesendonck, and it is to this renunciation, even more than to their period of close and pure companionship, that musical art owes so deep a debt. The immediate cause of his withdrawal to Venice was the discovery that the exquisite retreat for composition, the "Asyl" at Zurich, which Otto Wesendonck had presented to Wagner, was given not on the merchant's own initiative, but on Mathilde's. Wagner, of course, always believed that his genius demanded a generous patron, and he accepted the gift of the villa with childlike wholeheartedness. Of the charge of selfishness he must be acquitted, for he believed that he was working for the world and that the world owed him ease and quiet to enrich it. He was justified of his opinion, and there-with all criticism of his conduct, as measured by the foot-rule of ordinary men, must cease. Never, perhaps, has genius been so charmingly cock-sure of itself. Let one extract from the "Venice Diary" suffice—

What music it's becoming! ["Tristan"] O it grows deep and fair, and the sublimest marvels fit so supply to the sense. I have never made a thing like this! But I also am melting away in this music. . . . In it I will live for aye and with me—

The blank is easily supplied. Perhaps the least regrettable thing about this intimate revelation of two souls is the association with Isolde of the gracious and beautiful presence of the woman that was her prototype. There, at any rate, occurs no jarring note of dingy domestic bickering.

In the "Meistersinger," too, Frau Wesendonck had her part. But by that time Wagner had arrived at the joyous calm of his cobbler-poet when he surrendered Eva to Walther. He sent Mathilde portions of the work as it grew (one is reproduced in the present volume), with the advice—"Keep your heart secure against Sachs, or you'll fall in love with him."

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" IN LONDON AND PORTSMOUTH: ANGLO-FRENCH FESTIVITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, BY TOPICAL PRESS, AND BY HUTCHINSON AND SVENDSEN.



1. UNDER NELSON'S SHADOW: THE PROCESSION OF FRENCH OFFICERS CROSSING TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
2. THE PROCESSION OF FRENCH OFFICERS PASSING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT.
3. THE FRENCH OFFICERS' VISIT TO LONDON: THE SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVING PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.
4. THE NAVAL SPORTS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE CLOWNS' PYRAMID.

5. THE ANGLO-FRENCH DONKEY-RACE AT PORTSMOUTH.
6. THE FRENCH WINNER OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH DONKEY-RACE.
7. THE NAVAL SPORTS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE CRIMEAN VETERANS' WALKING RACE.
8. "LINKED IN FRIENDLY TETHER": THE ANGLO-FRENCH THREE-LEGGED RACE.

PARLIAMENT, THE RIVER, AND OUR GREATEST GUNNERY SCHOOL WELCOME THE FRENCH NAVAL VISITORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB, BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



A GREETING IN LIVING LETTERS: "VIVE LA FRANCE" FORMED BY BRITISH SAILORS TO WELCOME THEIR FRENCH COMRADES AT WHALE ISLAND.



The Speaker. Admiral Caillard.

ADMIRAL CAILLARD AND HIS OFFICERS, WITH THE SPEAKER, ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



A GLIMPSE OF THE THAMES: THE FRENCH OFFICERS' TRIP ON THE RIVER.

During the visit of the French sailors to Whale Island, our greatest gunnery school, the British tars welcomed them by forming, at a bugle signal, the words "Vive la France" in living letters. The group on the terrace of the House of Commons was taken after the banquet in Westminster Hall. The river trip, which took place on August 13, was made in six electric launches from Maidenhead to Marlow. The boats carried the English ensign at the bow and the French at the stern.

LONDON EN FÊTE FOR THE FRENCH VISITORS: THE CITY DECORATIONS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER; PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS.



STREET DECORATIONS AND GREETINGS.

In the scheme of colour for the street decoration the French tricolour predominated. At Brest the British sailors were greeted with quotations from Shakspeare, and the City fathers decided to return the compliment by hanging out extracts from Béranger. On the double flying arch at Blackfriars appeared the lines quoted above, and at other points on the route were mottoes of international compliment.



ENGLAND'S KING AND THE FRENCH NAVY: THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE COMBINED FLEETS, AUGUST 9.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE SOLENT.

The King, on board the "Victoria and Albert," passed between the two main lines of the Fleet, with the British battle-ships on his left hand and the French on his right. As the yacht entered the lines it passed first of all the senior French and British flag-ships, the "Marsena" and "Exmouth," which led off the royal salute fired by all the vessels under review. The King stood at the salute in the forebridge of the "Victoria and Albert," and as his Majesty passed, all the ships were manned and dressed.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

An interesting notice was recently published of a scientific work, the production of Professor Haberlandt, dealing with the light-perceiving organs of plants. Perhaps there may be objections taken to the idea of "perception" in the case of plants, and it might be more correct to speak of organs in plants destined to receive light-impressions. Perception, as the term is usually employed, I take it, implies knowledge; but probably the term may express correctly enough the botanist's idea—namely, that certain tissues in plants are specially sensitive to the action of light.

Light, in truth, is a condition bound up in the most intimate manner with the life of plants. They exhibit a general sensitiveness to light, many going to sleep in a very real sense in the dark, just as, no doubt, the plant's vital processes at large are modified at night. Dr. Haberlandt has found certain cells in the epidermis of leaves which he regards as "ocelli" or light-receiving organs. In some cases such specially developed cells have been shown to present a likeness to a doubly convex lens, so that we find it suggested that these sensory light-organs in leaves are in some cases much more specialised than one might suppose. Of course, the ultimate purpose of these light-organs, or rudimentary eyes, is to stimulate the leaf-movements and torsions which most leaves exhibit in relation to light.

The old conceptions of the plant as a kind of living thing just hovering on the verge of vitality have long since died out, owing to the enormous strides botany has made in showing forth the complex acts in which plant-protoplasm can engage and execute. The plant, like the animal, feeds, digests, breathes, shows a circulation of sap, and exhibits sensitiveness. In some plants this latter feature is very highly developed; witness the case of the sensitive plants and of the Venus' fly-trap. Many of the old distinctions held to be capable of separating animals from plants have completely gone by the board, and now it would seem as if, in the researches of Dr. Haberlandt, fresh reason could be found for still further extending the list of analogies and resemblances between the life of the animal and that of the plant.

The subject of dreams and dreaming appears to be as inexhaustible as it is attractive to both the scientific mind and to the lay intelligence. I suspect that any topic in the consideration of which one meets with more than a smack of the superstitious and uncanny will always deeply interest mankind. The most recent study of dreaming has sought to collect as many facts as possible regarding the visions of the night, and to deduce from such data some general laws or conditions such as might be held capable of explaining dreaming at large. One conclusion arrived at is that in many cases dreams appear to be of seasonable character—that is, they partake of the nature of the surroundings of the time. In summer our dream-visions, according to this rule, are of bright and sunny scenes, while in winter we are more likely to dream of snow and storm.

In my studies of dreams and dreaming processes, I arrived long ago at the conclusion that if we chose to rake up our memories of closely antecedent events, we might very frequently trace a dream to its source. Let my readers select one or two clearly marked visions, and try the plan of tracing them backwards to their origins. Sometimes a dream is *de facto* an accurate reproduction of an actual event; more often it has an event as its kernel, which last is swaddled in a mass of irrelevant nonsense. What is possible and provable with regard to one dream is possible of all, only we cannot always ferret out the particular event, thought, or impression which has given the dream its start.

Also, it is of importance to note that the dream is typically a manufactured article. The original event or idea, in other words, undergoes, at the hands of our brain-centres, a process of elaboration and of transformation which renders the vision often of the most ludicrous character. In endeavouring to trace out the evolution of a dream, it is highly necessary to keep this fact in mind. A big and gorgeous set of ideas may in the shape of the dream be evolved from a perfect mustard-seed of an event in respect of its size and importance. The recent researches to which I have alluded contain yet another interesting suggestion, that having reference to the influence of dreams on our waking life. It is contended that into our visions we may have introduced a certain amount of reality which is not recognised as belonging to the region of sub-consciousness, and which, transferred to the waking life, impresses the superstitious in the light of a supernatural warning. It is, perhaps, in that queer borderland lying just between sleep and waking, that many suggestions from the world outside affect us, and give rise to the real dream of the unconscious state.

The British Association meets this year in South Africa, and I doubt not a large number of our scientific friends will take ship for our colony and give a fillip to the progress of knowledge in the distant land. As I write, other Congresses of annual nature have closed their proceedings. I have been struck by the number of papers, dealing with what may be called the social side of science, which were read at the British Medical Association. There can be no question of the high value of such discussion, seeing that all true advance from the social aspect must be founded on scientific data. The subjects of degeneration of the people, of the proper upbringing of children, and the like, are all of prime importance to the nation. More curious, but certainly not of less interest, is the topic of "Ergophobia," first discussed by Mr. Spanton, F.R.C.S. This term means "a dislike of work," and, according to the author, it is a social complaint of great frequency at the present time, producing lassitude, a false sense of ease, and a disinclination to live a useful and strenuous life. I agree that the disease is both widespread and infectious.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CAPTAIN CHALLENGE.—We have returned your interesting notes, which make us look forward with expectation to your promised work. Your record is excellent, and we regret we have no space to do it justice.

ROBIN H. LEGGE (Chelsea).—Your problem appears sound, and shall be published in its turn.

J. A. S. HANBURY (Moseley).—The omission is due to the holidays, and we have now given you credit for the numbers mentioned.

II. RODNEY (Chancery Lane).—Problem shall be examined.

T. L. SCHAAD (Schaffhausen).—Please send solution.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3186 and 3187 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3193 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of 3194 from J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge); of No. 3195 from F. B. (Worthing), Robin H. Legge, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), C. E. Perugini, John Mathieson (Glasgow), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Roger S. (Hanley), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Café Glacier (Marseilles); of No. 3196 from Charles Burnett, Philip Daly (Brighton), Shadforth, E. J. Winter-Wood, Roger S. (Hanley), Henry Browne (Amesbury), Doryman, E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Café Glacier (Marseilles), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), W. A. Thompson (Dawlish), E. Bygott (Liverpool), Albert Wolf (Putney), D. Newton (Lisbon), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), L. Desanges (West Drayton), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), F. Ede (Canterbury), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), R. Worters (Canterbury), and Hereward.

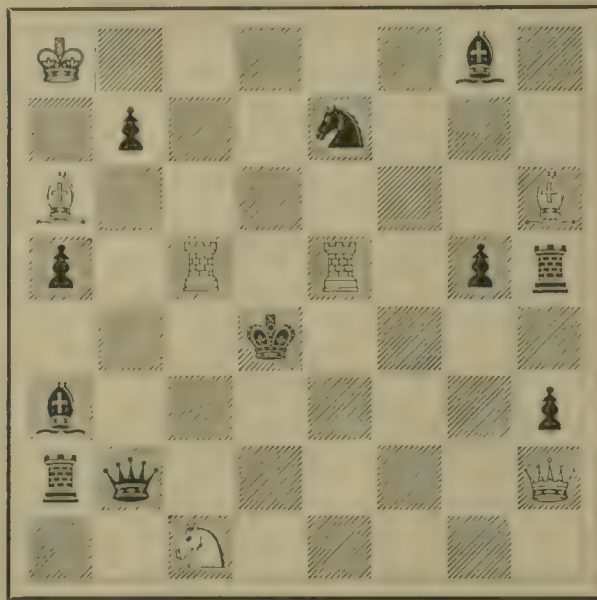
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3197 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, Charles Burnett, H. S. Brandreth (Brussels), F. Henderson (Leeds), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), R. Stirling (Clapham), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), E. J. Winter-Wood, Sorrento, J. Hopkinson (Derby), Albert Wolf (Putney), R. Worters (Canterbury), S. Spiers (Manchester), P. Daly (Brighton), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), and Roger S. (Hanley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3196.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3199.—By GEORGE J. HICKS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS AT OSTEND.

Game played between Messrs. MAROCZY and JANOWSKY.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. B to B 4th	P to B 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. R to K 3rd	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd		
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to Q 3rd	B to B 4th		
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
7. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
8. B to Kt 3rd	B to K Kt 5th		
9. P to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd		
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd			

The play, so far, represents the Ruy Lopez at its worst, mechanically correct and absolutely lifeless.

11. B to Q 5th R to Q sq
12. P to Q 4th Kt to Q Kt sq
13. P takes P P takes P
14. B to Kt 3rd B to Kt 3rd
15. R to K sq P to B 4th
16. P to Q 5th B to Q R 4th
17. B to B 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd
18. P to K R 3rd B to R 4th

Reviewing the positions at this point a draw seems the only likely result. Black's Bishops are the little embarrassing to White's freedom, but then he has no offensive resources to turn this to account.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. H. T. PARKER and F. LAWRENCE.

(Philidor Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. R to Q sq	P to Q R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	20. K to R sq	Q takes P
3. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 2nd	21. K to R sq	
4. Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	22. Q to B 3rd	
5. B to Q B 4th	B to K 2nd		
6. B to K Kt 5th	Castles		
7. Castles	P to B 3rd		
8. Q to K 2nd	P takes P		

This capture constitutes the inherent weakness of Philidor's defence. It does not, however, seem compulsory here, and Q to B 2nd would be a safe reply.

9. Kt takes P Kt to K 4th
10. B to Kt 3rd P to B 4th
11. Kt to B 5th B takes Kt
12. P takes B Kt to B 3rd
13. K R to K sq R to K sq
14. B takes Kt B takes B
15. Q to R 5th

Giving the game a turn in White's favour, but a delightful struggle ensues in which it is hard to say which side plays the better chess.

16. R takes R R takes R (ch)
17. P to K B 4th Kt to K 4th
18. P takes Kt P takes P

Black's choice was between a strong counter-attack at the cost of a piece, or to submit to a hopeless defence of the King's Bishop's Pawn. We are grateful to him that he took the more chivalrous way.

19. B takes Kt P takes P
20. B to K 4th

The Bishop gets off by the skin of his teeth, and plays his part in the final like a good warrior.

The City of London Chess Club has issued its fifty-second annual report, in which a tale of continued prosperity and success is recorded. The membership now amounts to 264, and there is a balance in hand of over one hundred pounds, with no liability of any kind attached. Special notice is taken of the loss by death during the past year of such well-known members as D. Y. Mills, T. Physick, and C. W. (of Sunbury).

THE BACACH.*

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

The *bacach* (in rude English, beggarman) is a central figure in Irish rural life. He is frequently a fine, big, strong, stout, and hardy fellow, born to the inheritance. Such a one, with bags jauntily slung, and staff in hand, stepping out upon the mountain-road, or skipping over the hills, presents an imposing appearance.

If he has not been born into the business, then he is a fellow who, being overcome with feelings of superiority to the multitude who "have their two ends in the earth" all days of the year, and being blessed with a double dose of royal indolence, assumes begging as a gentle and respectable profession that requires no spirited man to bend his back or soil his hands, but, on the contrary, insures one—if he only know how to bear himself—the profound respect and abject subservience of fellows who demean themselves to daily toil, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow.

For, when the *bacach* nourishes the spirit proper to his profession, and bears himself with becoming arrogance, he has not, with us, any difficulty in exacting the recognition and respect due to him as a king among men. If he possesses by nature, or can cultivate, despotism and tyranny, so much the better—for him.

He dons his bags, seizes his good stout staff on Monday morning, and sallies forth to levy tribute on his servile subjects. The manner in which he hurls his salutation of "God save all here!" at the inmates of each house he enters materially modifies the meaning, by times. Tribute is poured into one or other of his bags (for he carries many, to suit many descriptions of offering), ungrudgingly and unstintingly; and with a "God bliss ye!" curt enough to be construed "God miss ye!" he resumes his royal progress.

Where night overtakes him he condescends to stay. And for that night he constitutes himself Head-of-house, commanding the children to their lessons—and to their beds at what hour he considers proper; and at Rosary time ordering the household to their knees, whilst he, usurping the duty of the goodwoman, gives out the Rosary and leads all in prayer.

Though, as it oftentimes seems that heathenism is a prerogative of the truly Great, one *bacach*, whom I well remember, was very much of an infidel. For years he had not attended his religious duties. Father Dan, at length, went after him to Drimhugh and remonstrated warmly with him, and told him in the plainest of very plain language that he was travelling straight to a place that, without circumlocution, Father Dan named Hell. The *Bacach Ruadh* (so we knew him, because of his red head) listened to Father Dan with unexpected meekness; and when Father Dan ceased speaking, asked him what kind of people would get to Heaven. Father Dan told him, of course, that good and holy living people like Mary Currien of Meenbeg and Micky the Saint from Golladubh, who led religious lives and kept away from all fairs, dances, sprees, and other frivolities, were pretty sure of Heaven. "And what sort of people," said the red fellow, "will go to Hell?" "To Hell," said Father Dan, "will go all sinful people like them that attend the dance-house, and the shebeen-house, and who drink and row at the fairs, and stay at home from Mass on Sunday to pitch ha'pence and play cards." "That 'ill do, yer Reverence," said the unregenerate wretch, "I see that all the fun is goin' to be in Hell."

As almost all *bacachs* are good prayers, they generally lead the Rosary at what house they stop for the night. This is not always considered by the youngsters of the house a godsend; for the *bacachs* wax great upon the "trimmings," or small prayers; and as many of them are particularly vain of their powers of prayer, they proceed interminably without ever once taking thought of the many pairs of aching little knees that are shooting silent pain-protests. They ask prayers for the sick and for the sound, for those who are of the household, and for those who are not of the household, for friends and for enemies, for the near and for the distant, for those at home and for those abroad, for all on land and for all on sea, for the living and for the dead, and for those who are buried at sea and on the battlefield; against accidents, sickness, infectious diseases, plagues, and pestilences, wars, and scars, and the horrors of the night—in fact, an old and imaginative hand at the business can hold the household on its knees till their nether limbs are numb.

I remember the time a strange *bacach*, coming to Brian Donnellan's one night, was found dead on his shake-down in the morning. As poor Brian, being an old bachelor, lived all alone, he was in a startling quandary when he arose and found the *bacach* dead. When Brian opened the door to call for help he saw Morris Meehan, of the Alt-beag, coming down the hill on his way to early Mass—for, more betoken, it was New Year's morning and a holy day. So Brian hailed Morris, and fetched him in to confer upon the awkward business. And, as aid to conclusions, Brian produced the whisky-bottle and helped Morris liberally—and helped him again and again, as the conference proceeded. And did not by any means neglect himself.

So, when conclusions were arrived at, both host and guest were in the happy mood wherein men feel how good it is to be alive. And when, at length, Brian treated Morris to the *deoch an doras* (the drink at the door—the final drop), the latter took hold of his host's hand and shook it right heartily, and, as he raised his glass aloft, "Brian Donnellan," he said, "here's your high health! May all sorts of welfairty and prosperity grow and flow on ye! And may ye never rise a mornin' of your life that ye don't find a good beggarman dead in your kitchen-corner!"

THE CIVIC WELCOME TO THE FRENCH MARINE: THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE GUILDHALL.



"THE ENGLISH CHANNEL NOT A BARRIER, BUT A BOND": THE CHIEF POINT OF ADMIRAL CAILLARD'S SPEECH AT THE GUILDHALL.

After the Lord Mayor had proposed the toasts of "The King" and "The President of the French Republic," he proceeded to that of "The French Navy." Admiral Caillard, in his reply, said the French Northern Squadron was happy and proud to take part in these never-to-be-forgotten celebrations, and that on the other side of the Channel, which, far from being a barrier, was a bond between the two countries, the whole of France was sensible of the marks of sympathy which Britain had lavished upon the French sailors. The portraits (from the left at the high table) are Lord Strathcona, Comte de Manneville, Lord Halsbury, Admiral Caillard, Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, M. Cambon, Marquess of Lansdowne.



THE DANCE IN HONOUR OF THE FRENCH FLEET: THE PICTURESQUE ADMIRALTY BALL AT THE NEW NAVAL BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

The Prince of Wales was present at the ball given by the Admiralty to the officers of the visiting French Squadron. Dancing was held in the gymnasium of the new Naval Barracks at Portsmouth, and 2500 guests were present. A dancing-floor of parquet had been laid down over the asphalt of the gymnasium, and roof and walls were draped in red, white, and blue. Half the hall was turned into a conservatory, with banks of palms, hydrangeas, and marguerites, and from the roof hung baskets of flowers amid electric candelabra.

A SIGHT NEW TO THIS GENERATION: FESTIVITY IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



PARLIAMENT'S ENTERTAINMENT TO THE FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

Until August 13 there had been no banquet in Westminster Hall since the Coronation of George IV. On the initiative of Major Evans Gordon, M.P., it was decided that Parliament should entertain Admiral Caillard and his officers in the ancient hall of Rufus, which had witnessed so many scenes of Coronation festivity, with the accompanying challenge by the Champion of England, the trial and condemnation of a King, of Sir William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, and Lord Protector Somerset, and the trial of Warren Hastings. The Lord Chancellor proposed the health of the King, the Speaker proposed President Loubet, and the Prime Minister proposed the French Navy, for which Admiral Caillard replied. Admiral Leygue proposed the Houses of Parliament, and Mr. John Morley replied.

A LIKELY BONE OF CONTENTION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE: THE CAPTURED RUSSIAN CONVICT ISLAND OF SAKHALIEN.

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEJN



1. ON THE BEACH AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER TO THE RIGHT OF THE GUN IS
NAVAL-LIEUTENANT N. A. FIEDOROV WITH THE JAPANESE.
2. RUSSIAN ARTILLERY OFFICERS.

The Russian island of Sakhalien, possibly the most barbarous in the place, and murder and war are the merest commonplace on the island.

CHANNEL-SERVICE IMPROVEMENTS AT DOVER AND CALAIS.

DRAWINGS BY ALEXANDER ANSTED.



CALAIS: THE RECENT IMPROVEMENTS AT THE HARBOUR.

At Calais considerable water areas exist, which have been converted into large sluicing-basins; and these, together with the docks and canals, almost surround the town. The great mistake which has been made is that the water on this side of the harbour is shallow, and the port is thus prevented from benefiting, like Dover, from the growing trans-oceanic traffic of the Channel. In the centre of the town stand the lighthouse, the church, and the Hôtel de Ville and "English Tower." The railway connects the town with the coast.



DOVER: THE PRESENT METHOD OF LANDING TRANS-OCEANIC PASSENGERS AT PRINCE OF WALES PIER.

Prince of Wales Pier is a structure of solid masonry (200 feet from level of road to base of foundations) built before the extension of the Admiralty Pier. The future plans are for landing passengers on the extended portion of the Admiralty Pier, which is now being widened, and upon which a huge water station will be built. In this manner all the traffic of the harbour will be brought together under one roof. The view shows a Red Star liner being brought alongside. Numerous vessels of the Hamburg-America line are also constantly calling.

SHIPS THAT CARRY TRAINS: THE GREAT RAILWAY FERRIES OF THE WORLD.



1. THE FERRY-BOAT "THOROUGHFARE" LEAVING THE SLIP, SAN FRANCISCO.

2. THE "PÈRE MARQUETTE" WITH TRAINS ON BOARD ENTERING MANITOWOC HARBOUR AFTER A VOYAGE OF NEARLY SIXTY MILES.

3. THE TRACK ON THE DECK: DECK VIEW OF THE FERRY-BOAT "TRANSIT" AT SAN FRANCISCO.

4. THE FERRY-BOAT "SOLANO" ENTERING BENICIA SLIP, CALIFORNIA.

5. A POWERFUL ICE-BREAKING FERRY, THE "ST. IGNACE," WHICH MAKES A SEVEN-MILES VOYAGE ACROSS THE STRAITS OF MACKINAW ON THE GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA RAILWAY.

6. ONE OF THE FAMOUS DANISH TRAIN-FERRIES, THE "PRINCESSE ALEXANDRINE."

7. THE "SAINTE MARIE" FORCING HER WAY THROUGH THE ICE (ST. IGNACE-MACKINAW LINE).

The comfort of railway travelling has been greatly enhanced by the wonderful ferries, which are capable of taking whole trains on board, and carrying them across waterways that intersect the trunk system. In America, on Lake Baikal in Siberia, and in Denmark these ferries have reached their highest development. In Denmark many travellers by the night express from Esbjerg never guess that they have made two sea voyages, yet their sleeping-car has twice been run on to a ferry-steamer for the passage of the Great and Little Belt. Such a train-ferry has been proposed for the English Channel service.



GLASGOW'S NEW ESTATE: "ARGYLL'S BOWLING GREEN," PRESENTED TO THE SECOND CITY IN THE EMPIRE BY MR. CAMERON CORBETT.

DRAWN BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

An estate of 6000 acres, facetiously nicknamed from its ruggedness "Argyll's Bowling Green," has been presented to Glasgow by Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P. for Trarstoun. The land, which adjoins Lochgilphead, will be thrown open to the public in May next. Glasgow people intend to use it for golf, walking tours, and camping and fishing expeditions. The revenue of the estate will be sufficient for its up-keep as a public park.



1. THE SIDE OF THE VESSEL: A TURRET AWASH.
2. PUMPING WATER FROM THE HOLD.
3. LAST HONOURS TO THE VICTIMS.
4. THE "BENNINGTON," SHOWING THE STERN SUBMERGED.
5. SALVAGE OPERATIONS: TUGS AT WORK ON THE SUNKEN "BENNINGTON."

THE AMERICAN NAVAL DISASTER: THE SUNKEN GUN-BOAT "BENNINGTON."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE "LOS ANGELES EXAMINER."

The American Navy has suffered no disaster so severe as that of the "Bennington," accidentally blown up on July 21 at San Diego, since the "Maine" was destroyed in Havana Harbour. Sixty men were known to have perished, sixteen were missing, and over fifty seriously injured. Great indignation prevailed in the United States over the accident, which was due to defective furnaces. These were reported insufficient last year, but repairs were delayed. A section of the upper deck was blown away from stem to stern.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE DRUIDS IN BRITAIN: THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFODD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS.



THE ARCH-DRUID AND THE BARDS AT THE GORSEDD CIRCLE, MOUNTAIN ASH.

The Bardic Festival of 1905 came to an end on August 11. This year's meeting was held at the Gorsedd Circle at Mountain Ash in Wales, with such revival of the Bardic and Druidical ritual as the twentieth century can compass. Two years hence the Eisteddfod will be held at Swansea, and in 1909 it is proposed that the celebrations should be in London.

LADIES' PAGE.

"Cowes Week" has been quite exceptional this year owing to the visit of the French Fleet. This additional interest crowded the coast in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, and many people went who do not usually patronise the seaside, having learned by experience that it is not beneficial to their health. Possibly that is really their own fault: the vitalising effects



PROCK TO DISPLAY OLD LACE.

This simply made white satin dress is specially designed to emphasise the beauty of the old lace that forms the corsage above a folded satin belt finished with rosettes.

of the ozone are translated naturally into the form of a huge appetite, which is not curbed by the judgment, and then the victims of biliousness will declare that the sea-air does not agree with them! But in such matters experience is the one guide that should be followed, and many people who have been taught by that infallible mentor prefer Scotland or a German spa or a Swiss mountain-side to the coast. Cowes has, this time, however, attracted many of those people who commonly give it a wide berth, and the fact must have been pleasantly brought home to our foreign guests that under such circumstances, at any rate, Englishwomen do understand the art of dress! Blue serge and white serge made up nearly the whole of the costumes, and linen composed practically all the rest; and so neat and natty were they, so free from the undue decorativeness that mars instead of improves a nautical "rig-out," and the general effect was so trim, well set-up, and workmanlike, it might make any Englishman content to present his ladies to the visitors' acquaintance. One of the exceptions in point of colour was Lady Brassey, who wore grey alpaca with a burnt-straw hat with pink roses. The Marchioness of Ormonde had a very neat blue serge coat and skirt. The Marchioness of Londonderry wore white serge with blue satin belt and stock tie. Lady Llangattock donned a long white serge coat over her blue serge dress trimmed with narrow white braid.

Goodwood gowns were allowed another opportunity of displaying their beauties by the garden-party given by Viscountess Gort, who has a house at Cowes with a nice garden backed by meadows, that were pressed into service for the brilliant gathering. French officers were there in large numbers, and many of them visited the late Queen's apartments at Osborne House, close by, and displayed great interest in that illustrious memory. Lady Gort wore white-embroidered chiffon. She had the honour of receiving Princess Henry of Battenberg, who, as Governor of the Isle of Wight, holds really an official position in relation to the nation's guests while they are on the island. Her Royal Highness wore a handsome dress of stone-coloured crêpe-de-Chine, slightly decorated with gold embroideries. Princess Christian wore black silk muslin over white silk glacé, and a hat to match, with black and white feathers. Lady Iveagh was in white-embroidered silk muslin, and her hat had a long white veil falling down at the back, in the latest fashion. Attention was somewhat distracted from the ladies' frocks, most of which were white, by the gold braid of the naval uniforms which all the officers wore, of

course, and some of them had the right to add white ostrich-feather trimming on their cocked hats.

Miss Vere Dawnay, who was married the other day to Mr. Pryce-Jones, of the Coldstreams, is well known as the winner in the last two years successively of the champion cup for ladies at the Bath Club. She is also very fond of other physical exercises and of motor-ing. It is partly owing to the fashionable patronage of ladies' swimming in connection with the Bath Club that the London County Council is paying some attention to the provision of facilities for public bathing for women. It was anticipated that Hyde Park would be added this season to the short list of open waters for women-swimmers in London; but this seems to have been deferred to another year, and in lieu of it the L.C.C. have just decided to open the Hampstead Pond to lady swimmers, for whom it is to be reserved on Thursdays. For some time past another of the bathing-ponds on the Heath, the one near Parliament Hill Fields, has been reserved for women all day on Wednesdays. There are comfortable and quite secluded dressing-boxes, and rafts and diving-platforms in the water, and it is really very enjoyable. Many more women ought to avail themselves of the opportunity. Miss Kellerman, who is going soon to try to swim the Channel, and who now holds the time record for the swim from Dover to Ramsgate, practises occasionally in the Westminster Bath on the ladies' day. She is only eighteen, but is already singularly well developed and powerfully built for a woman; she weighs twelve stone.

If we are to indulge in exaggeration at all about the age at which decrepitude should be considered probable, it is more the path of wisdom, certainly, that Sir James Crichton Browne would lead us along than was that of the American Dr. Osler. Dr. Crichton Browne tells us that we really ought all to live to be centenarians! Of course, the date of falling back in the race, of "going on the shelf" as past the prime of life, would be equally advanced in proportion. Certainly this generation has seen in a remarkable fashion the results of popular expectation and general habits on physical development in the case of women. The number of tall and strong girls now is most striking; and equally so is the beauty and vitality of many women who are past the fiftieth birthday. The person who suggested sixty as the appropriate end of everything, is "behind the times." Early ending of all possibilities was, indeed, long before he spoke, an accepted theory as regards the good looks of

women. In mid-Victorian days, a huge, ungainly cap and careless dressing generally made women, it seems, appear quite old at forty. But now, without any apeing of youthfulness or any pretence at all, Society grandmothers are still good to look upon and full of energy at fifty and even sixty years old; and surely not only they themselves but their younger relatives, and all the community in a certain way, profit by the brightness and smartness of the leading women of the social procession? Dress has, undoubtedly, a great deal to do with the change; but there is more in it than mere sartorial reform. The active, healthy outdoor life

of women now, the more varied interests, the lessened necessity for nerve-wearing and confined sitting over plain needlework, and, above all, the inspiring example of the present Queen, with its "suggestion" to her contemporaries that the age for good looks might be greatly extended, all have had their share in the change.

Nobody now expects a middle-aged woman always to dress in unrelieved black. There is nothing more unbecoming to such a wearer; only the bright rose tints of the young cheek and lip and the clear white of the youthful brow can satisfactorily bear black close against the face. Plenty of white of dainty freshness in the shape of lace or chiffon as collar, ruffle, or vest will so modify the severity of a black gown as to make it quite becoming, and white near the face has the further advantage for an elderly woman of giving an impression of fastidious nicety and spotless cleanliness. Light colours, in strict moderation of quantity, are also becoming to middle-aged wearers. An all-pink or a sky-blue gown would be unsuitable for an elderly woman, while a touch of the same colour in discreet trimmings would be most becoming. "Discreet," however, even the touch should be; for instance, a wreath of pink roses, with their suggestion of young summer, would not be becoming where a few folds of rose-pink velvet or chiffon would be eminently so to an elderly wearer: say, on a black net toque or a burnt-straw hat; and even two or three roses mixed in with black lace in the same situation would not seem too much. The Queen has settled on a delicate mauve as the colour most becoming to herself now, and it suits her beautiful complexion to perfection. Yet another woman less gifted in that important point of beauty might do better in a delicate tan shade of brown, or in a rather dark tone of emerald green relieved with pink in a small degree. It needs judgment for an elderly woman to dress well, but she certainly ought to give the subject enough thought and care to keep herself as smart and nice as possible. Her daughters, if they are nice ones, will be far from jealousy or ridicule about it; on the contrary, they will take a pride in a nice-looking mother. "Reason why," as Tennyson's "Farmer" puts it. Even white has been shown to be quite fitting for a grandmother's dress; one well-known Duchess of seventy usually wears white in the evening, and always looks remarkably well in it.

Mr. Lough, in the House of Commons, called attention to a striking fact in connection with women's

degrees at the older Universities. The circumstances are these: Most people know that, for a quarter of a century past or rather more, Cambridge, and, to some extent, Oxford also, have allowed women students to sit for the Honours Examinations, but have not conferred upon those who passed in Honours the degrees which a less difficult examination entitles men to receive. About a year ago, the degrees of Trinity College, Dublin, were opened to women who passed the ordinary examinations there; and a special privilege was offered to such ladies as had already passed the examinations without getting the right to use the degree letters after their names at the old English Universities. Trinity College offered to give its degree, corresponding to the examination passed at Oxford or Cambridge, to any ladies in the anomalous and unfair position above explained, on payment of a certain fee, but without further examination. The value that women set on the right to use their degree title after earning it has been conclusively shown; some two hundred women have already availed themselves of the offer of the Dublin University. It is a question in most cases of business. There are many scholastic appointments open only to holders of a degree, and this hallmark is of value in the teaching profession in every case. Mr. Balfour told Mr. Lough that the Government could not offer any advice, and would not legislate on the subject; the authorities at Cambridge and Oxford can continue in their own course, for all he can suggest.

Meantime, there are two movements to enable students of the gentler sex to widen their experiences. Mrs. Webster Glynes and the other members of "The Society of American Women in London" are organising a campaign to raise funds to enable American girls to come to the English women's colleges, and vice versa. The idea originated in the bequest of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to do precisely the same for young men, who come from the United States and our own Colonies and from Germany. There are several hundred "Rhodes scholars" at Oxford, and the result must needs be to increase the sympathy and comprehension for the old Homeland of the educated classes of the wider English-speaking communities. The "Society of American Women" hope to get a large sum for the like purpose for girls through the co-operation of the "Federation of Women's Clubs" in America. To a limited extent, by the way, Bryn Mawr University for Women, Philadelphia, had anticipated Mr. Rhodes's idea. A certain number of "Post-Graduate Scholarships" have long been established in connection with Bryn Mawr purposely to enable its students to take a two or three years' course of study



A SMART TRAVELLING-COAT.

This coat, in white serge, is adorned with a touch of red serge on collar and cuffs, and big smoked-pearl buttons. The cut is the popular "Empire" shape, with elbow sleeves.

at some foreign University; and many of the holders chose to go to Girton or Newnham. One had a "table" in the Naples Aquarium for biological study. The second new movement of the same kind is the work of the French Government. It is purposed to establish a number of "travelling scholarships" for women, similar to those for men already existing.

FILomena.

VACUUM CLEANING.

Whilst the visit of the French Fleet is still fresh in our minds, it is interesting to hear that the cordial friendship that exists between the two nations is not confined to friendly visits and words only, but that the French nation show their feelings towards us in a more practical manner.

Anything British has been received with open arms by them, and consequently the Vacuum Cleaner, which people are so well acquainted with as one of our most important British inventions, has been enjoying immense popularity on the other side of the Channel, and the subsidiary company formed under the auspices of the British Vacuum Cleaner Company for the working of their French patent has been receiving the most substantial support from practically all the well-to-do residents throughout the Republic, including President Loubet and others in the highest official positions.

Recently the Palais de l'Elysée, President Loubet's official residence in Paris, was cleaned by Vacuum, and an interesting view of the interior of the Salle des Fêtes showing the operators at work is given on this page. Our readers will notice the costly carpets, which will be seen to be of most elegant and beautiful design, and will appreciate the fact that to have had these cleaned in the ordinary way would have involved great risk of damage. By employing the Vacuum Cleaner the necessity for the removal of the carpet is done away with, and there is not the slightest possibility of damage being done, as would probably have resulted from the ordinary old-fashioned methods of cleaning. We also show a view of the exterior of the Casino at Monte Carlo, in the foreground of which will be seen one of the Vacuum Cleaner machines at work; this handsome building having been recently cleaned throughout by this process.

The appreciation of the benefits of the Vacuum Cleaner is, of course, not confined to the French nation alone, but the whole of Europe, Asia, and, in fact, the world has come to realise the merits of the invention, and nearly all the principal Palaces are cleaned by this process. It is even to be found in use in the Palaces of the Sultan of Turkey, Shah of Persia, Khedive of Egypt, and others.

Amongst the Japanese the Vacuum Cleaner has made great headway. A considerable number of machines have also been sent to South America for use on the railways there. It is also being used for the cleaning of the carriages of the royal train on the occasion of the pending visit of the Prince of Wales to India.

Mr. Cecil Booth, whose name is well known as the inventor of the process, is a civil engineer of great and proved ability. He is connected with the firm of Hitchens and Booth, 25, Victoria Street, S.W. Recently the Council of the City and Guilds of London Institute conferred on him the Fellowship of the Institute in recognition of the work he has done since he gained their diploma as Associate in 1892.

The world-wide appreciation of the Vacuum process of cleaning is alone due to its merits. The old-fashioned method of house-cleaning causes an immense amount of labour, discomfort, and trouble, as well as being, on the whole, very expensive when everything is taken into consideration. Vacuum cleaning, on the other hand, causes very little inconvenience, no trouble or labour, except to the operators. The furniture need not be disturbed or carpets removed, the work can be thoroughly carried out, and the dust and dirt extracted from every corner and recess where it can possibly penetrate by means of this wonderful invention, whilst the risk of damage is reduced to a minimum.

It is certainly well within the mark to say that thousands of pounds are annually lost through damage by carpet-beating. In the case of the Vacuum process there is no possibility of this. In fact, the result is that the carpets are not only made perfectly clean and bright, but the appearance and feel of them become



THE HOME OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: THE PALAIS DE L'ÉLYSÉE.

Showing the "Salle des Fêtes" being cleaned by the Vacuum Process.

almost as when new. The pile of the carpet is raised into its former position by the action of the air which is drawn through the carpet, instead of being hammered down by the beating-process which has hitherto been so much in vogue.

The Vacuum process is extremely simple, and will be best understood by our explaining that by means of vacuum the air is passed through carpets, upholstery, etc., and by the suction power thus exerted all the dust and dirt that have penetrated into the carpet or in the articles being cleaned is withdrawn. The glass cylinder inserted in the pipe gives us a view of the dust as it is whirled along towards the machine. It passes through in a regular cloud, and an amount of dust and dirt that is surprising is quickly drawn into the receptacle provided for the purpose.

As an illustration of the saving that can be effected by employing the Vacuum Cleaner, one might take the cleaning of an ordinary saddle-bag chair. By any other process the chair has to be taken to pieces in order to be thoroughly cleaned. This is a matter of great expense and requires considerable time; but in the Vacuum Cleaner process the chair is renovated in a few minutes at the cost of only a few pence without being taken to pieces or damaged in any way. The renovator of the Vacuum Cleaner is passed over the chair, and all the dust and dirt that have penetrated into it is extracted. On the completion of the operation the most severe test will fail to reveal the slightest trace of dust remaining. This is only an example of what the process can do, but anyone interested can see it in operation at the Company's depôts at Parsons Green

Lane, Fulham, S.W., and elsewhere. Their head office is at 25, Victoria Street, S.W.

The Sanitary Merits of the Process.

The Vacuum Cleaner has undoubtedly been a great help towards the prevention of consumption. Dust, as is well known, is a fertile source of this disease, as the germs are retained and conveyed by it from one person to another. The doing away with unhealthy dust and the purification of the air brings about a condition more conducive to the preservation of health. It is, in fact, absolutely essential that our homes, public buildings, etc., should be rendered free from dust, if any real progress towards perfect sanitary conditions is to be attained.

Railway-Carriages Cleaned by Vacuum.

Until quite a recent period no real effort had been made to utilise hygienic methods in connection with the cleaning of the interior portion of railway carriages. What may be considered as an approach towards such an end was of the most cursory type. Rolling stock frequently from the time it was turned out of the works until the time it returned, months afterwards, was treated with scant ceremony, carriages being allowed to get into a very dirty and insanitary condition. All that happened was that the floors were merely swept over, and cushions lightly brushed. Indeed, the attention such as resulted from a brush carelessly or hastily used, together with an occasional blow with the brush handle, could hardly be expected to prove effective. A revolution was, however, caused by the introduction of the Vacuum Cleaner. This dust-extracting apparatus increased the facilities for cleaning the railway-carriages in a remarkable and expeditious manner, while maintaining the upholstery in a condition of cleanliness unobtainable by other means.

Vacuum Cleaner in the Theatres.

With the exception of a few of the more conservative theatres, practically the whole of the principal London and provincial theatres have adopted the process, and have had fixed plants installed. The day is evidently not far distant when the Vacuum Cleaner machines will form part of the fittings in every theatre.

The superb Gaiety Theatre, though furnished on a most lavish scale with splendid thick carpets and handsome upholstered seats, has already obtained a reputation second to none for cleanliness, in consequence of the enterprise of the management in having the theatre cleaned daily by Vacuum. In the basement of the theatre a simple little Vacuum Pump, worked by electricity, has been placed, and from it tubes are run to the part of the house that is being cleaned. The result of this is that the carpets and upholstery are kept in a perfect condition of cleanliness, and always look bright and fresh. In fact, although the theatre has only been open for about two years, everything is still as clean as when new. It is in consequence, a real pleasure to patronise this up-to-date theatre, as we feel that here there are none of the dangers and discomforts to be met with in places of amusement where the Vacuum process is not used.

The King was amongst the first to appreciate the benefits of the Vacuum Cleaner. Both Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle have Vacuum plants installed.

Over seven thousand homes in London alone were cleaned last season by the Vacuum Cleaner—eloquent testimony of the popularity of the Vacuum Cleaner amongst private residents.

The House of Commons is being supplied with a larger machine, in place of the small Vacuum plant they had previously in use.

The Naval Authorities have utilised the Vacuum Cleaner for the cleaning of the barracks at both Portsmouth and Chatham.



THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO,

Being cleaned by the Vacuum Process. In the centre of the picture will be seen the Vacuum Cleaner Machine at work.

ART NOTES.

The Art World is grumbling at the inability of the Royal Academy to sell many of the pictures annually hanging in their hundreds upon the walls of Burlington House, and examined by visitors who go in their thousands through the Royal Society's turnstiles, and with as many shillings swell the Academy's exchequer. At the closing of this year's exhibition, remarkably few important sales can be recorded. Indeed, when the Chantrey purchases, in the past so inevitably made at Burlington House, are set aside, the artists who have profited to the tune of £500 or more for one canvas are not above half-a-dozen. We notice that of the few buyers there has been one wise in his generation—he, that is, who purchased for £500 Mr. La Thangue's delightful "Selling Oranges in Liguria."

Three new galleries have been added to Paris's already long list. These are to hold, severally, collections of Sèvres porcelain, Dalou's sculpture, and Ziem's paintings; and are to form part of the Petit Palais des Champs-Élysées. Sèvres, with its cold blues and pinks and unmitigated gilding, is of too old a fame to need a word of advertisement here; but M. Ziem's landscapes and M. Dalou's statues have received in England hardly more than the usual testimony accorded accredited contemporary Continental art by the British public, although Dalou has worked in England, and, indeed, a fine example of his sculpture in relief is shown in no less a public place than the staircase of the Victoria and Albert Museum. M. Ziem, in presenting to the Palais des Beaux-Arts fifty-six pictures, sixty-four studies, and many water-colours, has followed our Watts's precedent. Watts, at least, was well assured

that a gift to the nation of his works would never be a burden to the national walls, nor be relegated to the depths of dismal dungeons under Trafalgar Square.

An article in the *Burlington Magazine* on Dalou by Mr. Charles Ricketts, one of the few eminent artists

into the past, for it is Dalou's acceptance and expression of the fine old conventions of the art, rather than his excursions into modern realism, that places him highest. And yet, were it not for the unavoidable comparison with the overpowering modernity of Rodin, Dalou would have been allowed, even by Mr. Ricketts, to rest in, and be typical of the nineteenth century.

The nation's heroes and heroines, and other worthies of the past who still live upon canvas, have just failed in an attempt to crowd out of comfortable quarters that potential hero, Mr. Thomas Atkins. For while the Palais des Beaux-Arts is enlarging its boundaries, the National Portrait Gallery is groaning under the pinching restrictions of its space, and has been endeavouring to persuade the authorities that St. George's Barracks, immediately behind the Gallery, might relinquish some of its territory in favour of the arts. But these efforts have been unavailing, as the following report records: "The Trustees have been in communication with the Army Council as to the possibility of some portion of the site now occupied by St. George's Barracks becoming available for the extension of the National Portrait Gallery; but up to the present date, the Trustees do not find themselves in a position to think that there is any immediate prospect of the much-needed extension of the National Portrait Gallery taking place"—a properly dispassionate official statement.



Princess Christian. Princess Henry of Battenberg. Princess Ena. Admiral Caillard.
THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" GARDEN-PARTY AT EAST COWES CASTLE: ENGLISH PRINCESSES AND THE FRENCH ADMIRAL.
PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

who write with any distinction on art matters, is rendered unexpectedly appropriate by the opening of this same gallery of the Frenchman's work. Dalou, says the painter of the sculptor, is more at home among the better sculptors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than among the major sculptors of the nineteenth. And perhaps Mr. Ricketts does well to banish his subject

in recent years in the matter of exhibitions, of a collection of the works of Jordaens. One hundred and twenty-eight examples have been gathered together, and thus an unparalleled opportunity of studying an artist who at the least is representative of his country's art-characteristics is afforded to those interested in the painting of the seventeenth century. W. M.

THE FINEST STOCK IN THE WORLD OF PRESENTATION PLATE.

Specially Suitable for Race Cups,
Public and Private Testimonials.

**GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY, LTD.**

The Company's Stock of Solid Silver Plate, specially suitable for Public and Private Testimonials, is the Choicest in the World, and is displayed in the largest and most conveniently arranged Show-Rooms in Europe, comprising 112 & 110, REGENT STREET, 47, 48 & 49, WARWICK STREET, and 48, GLASSHOUSE STREET, all communicating.

ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE
ON APPLICATION.

The Company's productions are characterised by Admirable Taste and High Quality.

Many of the Designs are copies of the Antique at about one-eighth the cost of the Original, whilst others are the Company's special designs, and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

The Company possess unique facilities for the prompt execution of orders for Presentation Plate.

SELECTIONS
FORWARDED
ON APPROVAL,
CARRIAGE PAID.

THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST
STOCK IN THE WORLD OF

Race Cups,
Bowls,
Medals,
Shields,
Beakers,
Trophies,
Tankards,
Statuettes,
Centrepieces,
Tea Services,
Candelabra,
Walters,
Trays, &c.

MODERATE
PRICES.

THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST
STOCK IN THE WORLD OF

Race Cups,
Bowls,
Medals,
Shields,
Beakers,
Trophies,
Tankards,
Statuettes,
Centrepieces,
Tea Services,
Candelabra,
Walters,
Trays, &c.

MODERATE
PRICES.

GROUP OF SOLID SILVER PRESENTATION PLATE. Prices on Application.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD.,
112 & 110, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Telephone:
3729 GERRARD.

(With which is incorporated THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C.)

Telegrams:
"ARGENNON, LONDON."

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH. SCRUBB'S.

A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.
So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

**"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
IN DEED."**

PEARS' THE FAMILY SOAP



Every child accustomed to Pears' Soap has faith in its charm.

Its power is in its absolute purity in containing neither deleterious substances nor artificial coloring matter.

Pears' opens and cleanses the pores of the skin, preventing the enlargement, tearing and irregularities so often caused by the injurious ingredients of some soaps, the use of which result in a coarse, rough and unhealthy skin.

Pears' is pre-eminently the baby-skin-soap—imparting to the skin a clear, soft, smooth and beautiful texture, vitalizing the body and contributing to health and happiness.

The 'Allenburys' Foods.

MOTHER AND CHILD.
Baby, 6 1/2 months of age. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management
(48 pages) free on request.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The Milk Foods closely approximate in composition to human Milk, the natural and therefore best nourishment for the young infant.

No diarrhoea, digestive or stomach troubles need be feared from the use of the "Allenburys" Foods.

They are as easy of digestion as maternal milk, and provide a perfect diet for the formation of firm flesh and strong bones.

The Milk Foods can be made in a moment, the addition of hot water only being necessary.

The Milk Foods are absolutely free from any noxious germs, and hence are far superior to cow's milk as obtained in towns, especially in the summer time.

The "Allenburys" Foods are so arranged as to provide the maximum amount of nourishment that the child is able to digest at the periods of life for which the foods are respectively recommended. For the robust and delicate they are alike suitable, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From 6 months upwards.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S Ltd., Lombard Street, LONDON.

United States: Niagara Falls, N.Y.
Australia: 7, Spring St., Sydney.

Canada: 68, Gerrard St. East, Toronto.
South Africa: 38, Castle St., Cape Town.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Samuel Bickersteth, Vicar of Leeds, preached to a large congregation at Westminster on the Seventh Sunday after Trinity. He lamented that the Festival of the Transfiguration was only a black-letter day in the calendar of the Church of England, while our American brethren have given it a special Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, thus recognising its proper significance.

The Church of St. Clement, Fulham, to which the Bishop of London has appointed the Rev. Richard Free, formerly curate-in-charge of St. Cuthbert's, Millwall, is in the Fulham Palace Road, not far from St. Ethelride's. There are many new streets in the district, and Mr. Free will have ample opportunity for work among the poor. The Rev. W. G. Woolsey, his predecessor at St. Clement's, has been appointed Vicar of St. Alban the Martyr, Bedford Park, Chiswick.

On Dec. 6, H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany will open a sale of pictures in London in aid of the rebuilding fund of Lower Brixham Church, Devon, in memory of the author of the hymn "Abide with me," who was its vicar for twenty-five years. Her Majesty the Queen has shown her sympathy with the effort by becoming the possessor of a small water-colour view, taken from the turn in the road between Brixham and Berry Head. It was from this point that Mr. Lyte looked for the last time at the town and harbour in the evening light, before sitting down to write "Abide with me," on the last day of his ministry and shortly before his death. "Abide with me" is one of Queen Alexandra's favourite hymns.

A beautiful stained-glass window has been placed in the south aisle of Bangor Cathedral, in memory of

the late Dean Pryce. The window illustrates the life of three Welsh saints, and is thus a fitting memorial to a scholar who devoted himself to the history of the early Church in Wales.

The Bishop of London usually begins his holiday by visiting his brother, the rector of Ross. In the first

by strangers until Mr. Campbell returns from his sojourn in Norway at the beginning of September. The Thursday noon service will be suspended until October.

A strong desire is being expressed by the people of Coventry and the district for a Suffragan who will aid the Bishop of Worcester. Coventry has a population of nearly eighty thousand. It was formerly a Cathedral city, and it possesses several large and magnificent churches. Until 1836 it was associated in name and title with the mother see of Lichfield. It is situated nearly fifty miles from Worcester and from Hartlebury Castle. Local Churchmen are hoping that the new Bishop will pronounce in favour of restoring the old episcopal name and title.

The *Guardian*, in an interesting leading article on the reform of bazaars, urges the importance of banishing raffling and other forms of gambling, besides "the illegal and demoralising practice of fortune-telling." "The announcement of a bazaar in a parish is too often like a signal for the descent of a gang of free-booters. It is not only the rich who have to pay a ransom, but the poor also." At the same time, bazaars are so useful that few parish clergy would be prepared to dispense with them. It is rather amusing to find the

Guardian suggesting that groceries and tobacco should be sold at these functions, "so that everyone may find something which he will really want."

The Bishop of Durham has been ordered complete rest for August and September, and is leaving home for a few weeks' change. V.



THE FRENCH ADMIRAL IN THE ENGLISH ROYAL CIRCLE: THE GARDEN-PARTY AT EAST COWES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

The photograph was taken at Lady Gort's garden-party at East Cowes Castle. The French Admiral is the taller of the two officers standing in the foreground. Just beyond him, under the doorway, appears Princess Christian.

week of August he addressed a public meeting at Ross, on behalf of the East London Church Fund. The Bishop of Hereford, who went on a day later to Church Stretton, presided over the gathering, and a collection amounting to £40 was taken.

The City Temple was closed on the first Sunday in August, and its pulpit will be occupied



Why don't they use Lux. —!!—!!—!!

LUX

A unique preparation for washing
Flannels, Woollens, Dainty Fabric,
Lace and Hosiery.

WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

LUX for Bath, Toilet, and Shampoo.
For washing Silver, Cutlery, Crockery,
and all Household Cleaning.

DON'T SHRINK FROM LUX.

1d. per Packet.

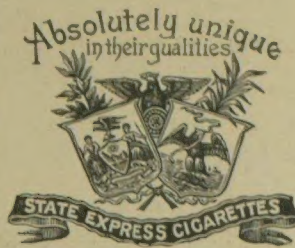
LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

*The World is our Oyster
We open it for you*

DEAN AND AINSWORTH TOURIST AGENTS

If on business or pleasure bent seek our advice.—
We will save you time and money.
We issue Official Tickets of Railway & Steamship Cos.
We arrange pleasure tours and cruises. . . .
Our British, Scotch & Irish Tours for short or
long periods are of the Cheapest and Best.
We issue Rundreise Tickets for Continental
Travel at about 30% less than ordinary fares.
Tell us where you wish to go in any part of the World
and we will fix up the lowest rates by the best routes.
Our services will cost you nothing. . . .

82, STRAND (*Approach Hotel Cecil*) W.C.
and Branches ~



STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

These delicious Cigarettes
differ entirely from any
others obtainable.

No. 555. **4/9** per 100; **1/3** per 25.

*Sold by all the leading
Tobacconists and Stores.*



Buttercup Metal Polish.

When Buttercup Metal Polish is used
the metals require less frequent cleaning
and look better all the time.
The work is Easier, too. It saves Time,
Trouble and Money and does not wear
the metals.
The Very Best for all metals, and it is
MADE IN ENGLAND.
1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. Tins. Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

The Ideal Polish for Black and Brown
Boots — box calf, glacé kid, all kinds.
Gives a Rich Beauty to the Leather,
Comfort to the Wearer, and is the Easiest
to Use.
We send a Dainty Sample Free.
2d., 4d., 6d. Tins. Neat and Durable
OUTFIT, 1/- Grocers, Bootmakers, &c.
Chiswick Soap Co., London, W.

"HURRAH! IT'S BRITISH!"

Say When,



its **J.R.D.**
The Choicest Product of Scotland.

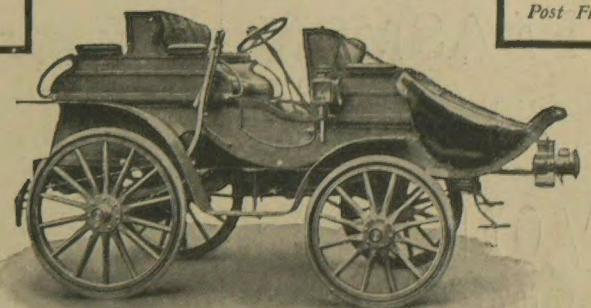
ARROL-JOHNSTON CARS

are unrivalled
FOR Reliability, Simplicity,
Silence, Comfort, Dustlessness, Ease of
Control, Low Price, Absence of Vibration,
and Smallness of Repair Bill. Specially
designed throughout for SOLID TYRES.

Glasgow to London Reliability Trials. Full marks obtained for
absolute non-stop run. The Car started the following evening
on its return to Glasgow, making another non-stop run,
completing the journey in less than 22 hours,
being record time for any 12 h.p.
Car.

12 H.P.
6-SEATED
CAR.

Write for our
Illustrated
Catalogue,
Post Free.



ARROL-JOHNSTON

Cars, Vans, and Lorries are built in 12, 16, and 20-h.p. by

THE MO-CAR SYNDICATE, Ltd., UNDERWOOD, PAISLEY.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF STANDARD 12-H.P. CAR.

London Agent—J. STENBURY, 106, NEW BOND STREET.



AN INTERESTING REPLICA.

This replica of the historic "Maurice Pickering" Cup was recently executed by Elkington and Co., 22, Regent Street, S.W., to the order of the Rev. Canon Duckworth, who presented it to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

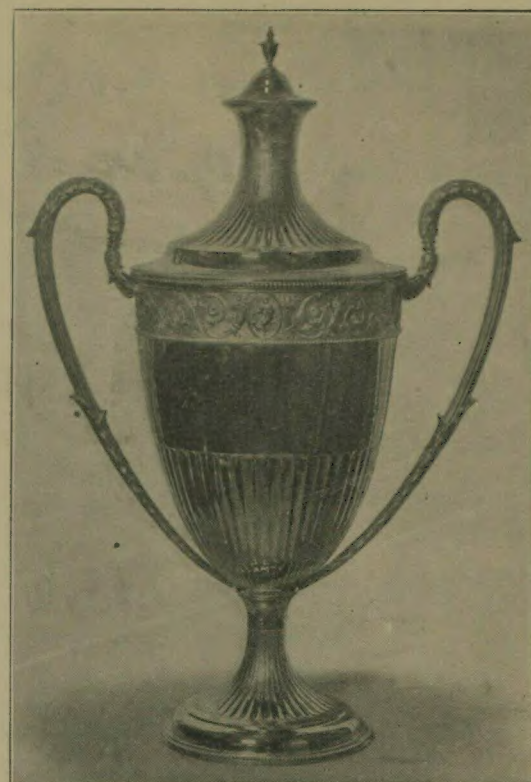
The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Dumfries, of the will and settlement (dated Dec. 5, 1901) of SIR ROBERT JARDINE, BART., of Castlemilk, Dumfries, head of the firm of Matheson and Co., 3, Lombard Street, who died on Feb. 17, granted to Sir Robert William Buchanan Jardine, Bart., the son, and William Keswick, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £1,114,489, and including abroad £1,798,879.

The will (dated May 14, 1903) and a codicil of the RIGHT HON. SIR BERNHARD SAMUELSON, BART., of Bodicote Grange, Oxford, and 56, Princes Gate, who died on May 10, has been proved by Sir Hervey Bernhard Samuelson, Bart., Francis Arthur Edward Samuelson, Godfrey Blundell Samuelson, and Herbert Walter Samuelson, the sons, the value of the estate being sworn at £755,793. The testator gives £75,000 and Bodicote Grange to his son Hervey; £3200 to his son Francis Arthur; £1000 to his son Godfrey Blundell; £9500 to his son Herbert Walter; £1000 to Nina L. Forster; £5000 to his nephew, Ernest Samuelson; £250 for the purchase of a pair of horses for his wife, who is already provided for by settlement; and legacies to servants. The rest and remainder of his property he leaves to his sons.

The will (dated July 14, 1904) of MR. EDWARD FREDERICK QUILTER, of 7, Savile Row, and Hill House, Belstead, Suffolk, who died on July 20, was proved on Aug. 8 by Percy Cuthbert Quilter, the

nephew, and Sydney Edward Jones, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £263,672. The testator gives £10,000 to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Ellen Muter; £5000 each to his nephews, Roger, Percy, and Eustace Cuthbert Quilter; the household furniture and his shares in the Algieras Railway Company and the Amazon Telegraph Company to his nephew, William Eley Cuthbert Quilter; his real and leasehold property in Suffolk, and £5000, to his nephew John Arnold Cuthbert Quilter; £5000 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Mary Ann Quilter; £5000 each to his nieces, Maude Marian Denny and Norah Blanche Miller; and £500 each to his executors. £60,000 and one moiety of his residuary estate he leaves, in trust, for his brother Harry and his wife and children; and the other moiety, and the remainder of his share in his late father's estate, in trust, for his nephew, William Eley Cuthbert Quilter.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1905) of MR. JOHN BELTON, of Belmont, Haverstock Hill, and late of 81, Hatton Garden, who died on July 11, was proved on July 31 by Bernard Joseph Belton and Austin Joseph Belton, the sons, and William Hale, the value of the property amounting to £134,466. The testator gives £100 per annum each to his sisters, Harriet Jane Videon and Catherine Jane Daniels; £300, the furniture and domestic effects, and £1000 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Dorothea Belton; £500 to Bessie Golden; £2000 to his daughter Mary Gabrielle; £500 to the Chapel of the Crucifixion of the Priory Church of St. Dominic, Haverstock Hill; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, except Mary



A YACHTING CUP.

The richly-gilt solid silver two-handled cup and cover here figured was given by the Royal London Yacht Club as a first prize at Cowes Regatta on Monday, August 7. The inscription runs: "Royal London Yacht Club, Cowes, August 7, 1905. Presented by Myles B. Kennedy, Esq." The cup was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.

THE BEST SOAP

AFTER

**CYCLING,
MOTORING,
GOLFING,
SHOOTING,
BOATING,**

"The Car" says:

"I wanted to tell you of a most delicious soap which should particularly appeal to all motorists, whether male or female. I mean Wright's Coal Tar Soap, which if used on one's return from a run, however dusty, has the most refreshing effect on the skin, removing all dirt without fear of irritation to the most sensitive skin. Do try it; I myself have frequently used it and can answer for its excellence."

IS

Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

G.N.R. EXPRESS
EXCURSIONS

HOLIDAY TRAVEL A SPECIALITY

From KING'S CROSS (G.N.)

and other London Stations—

WEDNESDAYS,
for 8 days to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Mablethorpe, Gorleston, Lowestoft, Sheringham, Cromer, Mundesley, and Yarmouth.

SATURDAYS,
for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to Seaside and Pleasure Resorts in LINCOLNSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, LANCASHIRE (Skegness, Scarborough, Blackpool, &c.)

SATURDAYS,
for 3, 6, or 8 days to Principal stations in NORFOLK DISTRICT, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, and North Eastern District.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18,
and each alternate Friday for 7 or 14 days to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, & the Principal Stations in SCOTLAND.

For Full Particulars, apply to the Chief Passenger Agent, Great Northern Railway, King's Cross, London, or to any G.N. Station or Office.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

PLEASE CUT OUT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

MERRYWEATHERS'

PORTABLE

STEAM WATERING APPARATUS



For FRUIT AND HOP WASHING, WATERING CRICKET, POLO, and TENNIS GROUNDS, GOLF GREENS, PLANTATIONS, &c., &c.

Temporary Water Supply, Filling Tanks and Reservoirs, and General Pumping Purposes.

Can deliver from Stock if ordered at once.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS.

MERRYWEATHER & SONS, 63, LONG ACRE, W.C., LONDON. (Established over 200 Years.)

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST.

REGENT ST. & CHEAPSIDE, LONDON; and LIVERPOOL.

Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS. Collars, Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz. Shirts, Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per 1 doz. (to measure, 2/- extra).

SAMPLES & PRICE LISTS POST FREE. N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neck Bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the 1-doz.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent Direct to Belfast.

AIDS DIGESTION.
BRACES THE NERVES
PLASMON
COCOA
Is non-heating. One cup contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary cocoa.
In tins, 9d., 1/4 and 2/6

WOLSEY
NEVER-SHRINK
UNDERWEAR

FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT. Sensible underclothing for all Seasons and Climates. Guaranteed Pure Wool. Extensive range of weights, garments, shapes, and sizes for Men, Women and Children's wear.

ANY SHRUNKEN GARMENT REPLACED FREE. Strong, soft, smooth, and elastic. Fits to perfection. Refuse imitations. Of all Hosiers, Drapers, and Outfitters.



THE WOLSEY
UNDERWEAR CO.
LEICESTER.

Write for
Illustrated
Booklet
No. 10, and
name of
nearest
retailer.

COCKLE'S THE OLDEST
Antibilious PATENT
PILLS MEDICINE
IN BOXES AT 1/12 2/9
4/6 11/- EACH

ADAMS'S

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN" says: "Having made a fresh trial of its virtues after considerable experience with other compounds of the same nature, we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives."

FURNITURE

POLISH.

Unequalled for its Brilliance and Cleanliness.

It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

For To-morrow's Dinner

try a Corn Flour Custard Shape, served with the stewed juice of any fresh fruit in season, instead of cream. See recipe in packet.

Look at your packet and see if you really have the best Corn Flour—

Brown & Polson's "Patent"

If not, MAKE A POINT of getting it next time—you will notice a difference.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.



BEFORE USING "ANTEXEMA"



AFTER USING "ANTEXEMA"

Facts about YOUR Skin

Glance at the looking-glass, and you will notice that the pores on your nose are larger than those on any other part of the face. Being larger, they clog easier, and you are thus able to see what is taking place all over the face and body; but it must be remembered that what you see on your nose is going on in every other part of the body where you cannot see it. The pores are always getting stopped up, impurities form, the skin becomes unhealthy, is often rendered unsightly, and great discomfort may be caused. Is this so in your case?

If your skin is red or rough, has any blemish upon it, or if you suffer from any Skin Trouble in any other part of the body, you want something that will give immediate relief, and make your skin clear, pure, and healthy once again. "Antexema" is a scientific remedy, being the discovery of a well-known doctor. It stops irritation immediately, removes all skin blemishes, and is a sure cure for skin complaints of every kind.

ANTEXEMA

does everything that is necessary. It cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and pimples, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for Eczema, Psoriasis, and Nettle Rash; but it is just as useful for Burns, Bruises, Blisters, Insect Bites, and skin irritation due to acid perspiration; and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothing, non-poisonous protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it. "Antexema" is the most wonderful skin help and cleanser that medical science has produced. For every purpose for which cold cream and similar preparations are used, "Antexema" is far more valuable; because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

Have you seen our Handbook yet?

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ and 2/9, or may be obtained direct post free in plain wrapper, for 1/3. The new revised and illustrated edition of our Family Handbook, "Skin Troubles," is full of information from end to end about the cause, nature, and cure of skin complaints, and should be in the hands of everyone. A copy will be forwarded post free to readers of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, together with free trial of "Antexema" and 200 testimonials from persons cured, if THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is mentioned, and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Address your letter to "ANTEXEMA," 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

COVERINGS FOR SEMI & COMPLETE BALDNESS OR GREY HAIR.



Perfect imitations of Nature; invisible additions to thin partings, art blending with nature so completely as to defy the closest scrutiny.

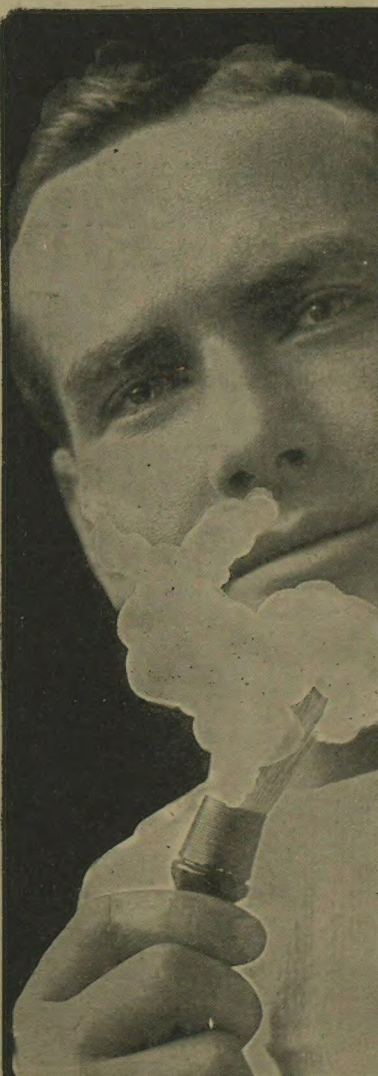
Half, Three-quarter, or Full Wigs on same Principle for Ladies or Gentlemen.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Every Design in Artificial Hair for Fashion and Convenience.

C. BOND & SON, 43, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS



More Than ½ the Shave

depends upon the lather, and the lather depends upon getting Williams' Shaving Soap. Most used because it has never been equaled in ability to soften the beard, keep a rich, moist, creamy lather, allay irritation, and make shaving easy and safe.

It's dangerous economy to experiment on your face with other makes.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 1s.
Williams' Luxury Tablets, 1s.
Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 6d.
(Trial Size) of Williams' Shaving Stick, 2d.
Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
65 GR. RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W. C.
161 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY
Main Office and Factories
GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

Horses, Cattle, Dogs, Birds.

THE ELLIMAN E.F.A. BOOK.

193 pages, cloth board covers, Illustrated.
230,000 Copies Issued.

ANIMALS

A KNOWLEDGE OF ITS CONTENTS causes the Elliman First Aid Book (E.F.A.) animals' treatment to be kept handy for ready reference in cases of accidents to and ailments of HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS, BIRDS, such as Jags, Bruises, Rheumatism, Common Cold, Pleurisy, Congestion of the Liver and Lungs, &c., in Horses; Common Ailments of Cattle, of Dogs, and of Birds. Price 1s. post free to all parts of the world (Foreign stamps accepted). Or upon terms to be found upon a label affixed to the outside of the back of the wrapper of bottles 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 6d. sizes.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S for Sprains, Rheumatism, Cuts, Splints when forming, Sprung Sinews, Capped Hocks, Over-reaches, Bruises, Cuts, Broken Knees, Sore Shoulders, Sore Throats, Sore Backs in Horses, Sprains in Dogs, Cramp in Birds, &c.

The Dogs-Birds section, 54 pages only, may be had apart from the complete book of 193 pages, and this section alone (54 pages) is free and post free. A size at 7d. is now on sale for owners of Dogs and Birds requiring to use a small quantity only of

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENG.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.

Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.

Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER can be obtained throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of America, &c., &c.

USE THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF,
TOILET & BATH.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.



In turning off Lord Kelvin's Patent Tap

IN TURNING OFF Lord Kelvin's patent Tap for Hot and Cold Water, the Valve does not come to a sudden stop as in ordinary Taps, but is gradually seated, and by this means the composite valve and metallic seat are maintained in a permanently efficient condition.

These Taps have neither Washers nor Packing to become leaky, and are fully tested and guaranteed. Sold by first class Plumbers and Ironmongers everywhere.

Write DEPT. A. for Explanatory Booklet, Free.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

The Palatine Engineering Co. Ltd.
LIVERPOOL.

Gabrielle and John Francis, who have embraced religious lives.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1901) of MR. JOHN KING junior, of Fern Bank, Palatine Road, Withington, Manchester, who died on April 25, has been proved by his sons Leonard Goldsborough King, Alfred John King, George King, and Harold King, the value of the estate being £113,898. Subject to a few legacies, the testator leaves all his property to his four sons and daughter, Elizabeth Fell King, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1905) of MRS. MATILDA HOLT, of The Grange, Farnborough, widow, who died on June 2, was proved on July 28 by Harold Edward Sherwin Holt, the son, and Colonel Francis Gerald Kenyon Slaney, the value of the property amounting to £74,472. The testatrix, under the provisions of her marriage settlement, appoints £25,000, in trust,

for her daughter Mrs. Edith Mary Sherwin Kenyon Slaney, and the remainder of the funds thereof to her son. She gives £15,000, in trust, for her daughter, and the residue of her property to her son.

The will (dated March 11, 1905) of MR. FREDERICK JOHN CORDER, of 43, St. John's Terrace, Hove, and of Messrs. Corder and Haycraft, Hope Wharf, Greenwich, who died on June 26, has been proved by Mrs. Harriett Kearsley Corder, the widow, Alfred Conyers Haycraft, Frederick William Atkinson, and Louis Walter Stobart, the value of the estate being £66,315. The testator gives £1000, an annuity of £1000, and the use of his residence and furniture to his wife; £1000 to his daughter; £1000 to Alfred Conyers Haycraft; £1000 each to his grandchildren; 200 guineas each to Frederick William Atkinson and Louis Walter Stobart; and there are a few small legacies. The residue

of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughter and her husband for life, and then for their children.

The will (dated June 21, 1904) of the REV. GEORGE RUTHVEN THORNTON, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Kensington, who died on June 19, was proved on July 22 by Mr. Spencer Ruthven Thornton, the son, and Mr. Pasco Spencer Thornton, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £24,086. The testator bequeaths £300 and all his furniture, plate, and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Theresa Thornton; £50 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Bishop of London's Fund, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Navy Mission Society; £25 to the Foreign Aid Society if in existence at the time of his death; and a few other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life and then for his children.

SUMMER RASHES



Soothed by Baths with

Cuticura SOAP

And gentle applications of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients. For summer rashes, irritations, itchings, chafings, sunburn, bites and stings of insects, tired, aching muscles and joints, as well as for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are Priceless.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.; London, F. Newbery & Sons; Sydney, R. Towns & Co. 35 Mailed Free, "How to Care for Skin, Scalp, & Hair."

HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



FACSIMILE OF LABEL

ARE EFFECTIVE, AND REQUIRE NO SKILL TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls



FACSIMILE OF LABEL

"IMPERIAL" CURLERS.

SAME PRICE

12 CURLERS IN BOX.

Post Free for 6 Stamps

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.



FACSIMILE OF LABEL



FACSIMILE OF LABEL

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS. The genuine hair curler has our TRADE MARK on right-hand corner of label, thus:



Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd., BERNERS STREET, W. & CITY ROAD, E.C. LONDON.

G. W. R.

BEFORE DECIDING WHERE TO GO for your Summer Holidays, apply to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, for a charming illustrated book entitled

"The Country of Castles."

SOUTH WALES,

AN IDEAL HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT.

Full of interesting and indispensable information. Sent Post Free on receipt of Three Stamps. JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

Bilz FIRST-CLASS SANATORIUM, DRESDEN—RADEBEUL.

Three Physicians. Chief Physician, ASCHKE, M.D. Suitable for any kind of Cure. Splendid Situation. Most Efficacious Cures. Open the whole year. Prospectus free.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.



CAMBRIDGE LEMONADE

Summer Pastimes—PICNICKING, CAMPING OUT, &c.—

always call for a beverage that must be

COOLING & REFRESHING and yet easily prepared.

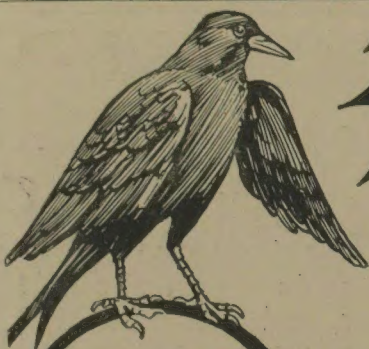
CAMBRIDGE LEMONADE

fulfils all these requirements. It is a deliciously pure and wholesome lemonade, invigorating and thirst-quenching.

A 4½d. Bottle makes 2 gallons.

OF LEADING GROCERS.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.



7/10^{ths} of ALL

Your little ills will find relief in

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

For HEADACHE,
For BILIOUSNESS,
For INDIGESTION,
For TORPID LIVER,
For CONSTIPATION,
For SALLOW SKIN,
For the COMPLEXION.

Very small, and easy to take as sugar.

Purely Vegetable.

Genuine must have signature

PRICE 13½d.

Wm. H. Wood

FINE ENGLISH WATCH DIRECT FROM COVENTRY MANUFACTURER

GEO. GRAHAM & SON—for 40 years Manufacturers to the leading Jewellers in the U.K., now dealing Direct with the Public—offer, amongst other fine Watches holding Class A Kew certificates with high marks, an exceptionally fine Gent's "Centre Seconds" Watch in massive 18ct. Gold open face case, of large size, which holds "Especially Good," 86.5 marks. Price £45.

REPAIRS.—Fine Watches Cleaned, Repaired and scientifically Adjusted under same conditions as New Work. Charges Moderate. Expert examination and report Free. Write for Booklet.

GEO. GRAHAM & SON
1 Stanley Road, Coventry

PLASMON DELICIOUS CUSTARD POWDER

Requires only half the usual quantity of milk to make a perfect custard without eggs.

In 3 flavours.
All Grocers and Stores, 6d.



A Scientific Method of Growing Hair

The Evans Vacuum Cap provides the scientific means of applying to the scalp the common-sense principles of physical culture.

Baldness and falling hair are caused by the lack of proper nourishment of the hair-roots. This lack of nourishment is due to the absence of blood in the scalp—an abnormal condition. It is the blood which feeds the hair-roots, as well as every other part of the body. If you want the hair to grow on the scalp the blood must be made to circulate there. It is exercise which makes the blood circulate. Lack of exercise makes it stagnant. The Vacuum method provides the exercise which makes the blood circulate in the scalp. It gently draws the rich blood to the scalp and feeds the shrunken hair-roots. This causes the hair to grow.

Test it Without Expense

You can tell whether it is possible to cultivate a growth of hair on your head by ten minutes' use of the Evans Vacuum Cap. We will send you the Cap with which to make the experiment without any expense to you.

If the Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a healthy glow this denotes that the normal condition of the scalp can be restored. A three or four minutes' use of the Cap each morning and evening thereafter will produce a natural growth of hair. If, however, the scalp remains white and lifeless after applying the vacuum, there is no use in trying further—the hair will not grow.

The Bank Guarantee

We will send you, by prepaid express, an Evans Vacuum Cap and will allow you ample time to prove its virtue. All we ask of you is to deposit the price of the cap in the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, where it will remain during the trial period, subject to your own order. If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair to convince you that the method is effective, simply notify the bank and they will return your deposit in full.

A sixteen-page illustrated book will be sent you free, on request.

EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., 928, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, U.S.A.

"D.C.L."

PURE SCOTCH WHISKY

FOR EXPORT ONLY

The Distillers Company, Ltd., Edinburgh.

PROPRIETORS OF

'Highland Club' & 'Caledonian' Whiskies.

AGENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.